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Bhutan

A Land of Exquisite Politeness

by LT.-COL. F. M. BAILEY, C.I.E.

H.M. MINISTER TO THE COURT OF NEPAL

Bhutan! A Himalayan Arcadia, closed like Tibet to foreigners but offering a warm welcome to those few who have been privileged to enter it. Among their number is Colonel Bailey, who describes the delightful customs of a people as charming as they are little known

BHUTAN stretches for about 200 miles along the north-eastern border of India. The northern boundary of the country is formed by the main range of the Himalayas and contains many peaks of over 20,000 feet, culminating in Kulha Kangri, 24,740 feet high. North of this range lies the plateau of Tibet. The southern boundary of Bhutan follows the line of the foot of the Himalayas where the mountains meet the plains at about 1000 feet above sea level. Bhutan lies entirely on the southern slopes of the Himalayas and the people will not live below 4000 feet, as they consider it dangerous to go below this elevation.

On the west, Bhutan marches with the Chumbi valley of Tibet, Sikkim, and a portion of the Darjeeling district of British India. On the eastern frontier is a peculiarly low portion of Tibet which stretches down to the plains of India. This low elevation is quite unsuitable for habitation by Tibetans, and consequently the country is uncultivated and covered with thick forest inhabited by animals such as elephant, rhinoceros and tiger, which one would not associate with Tibet.

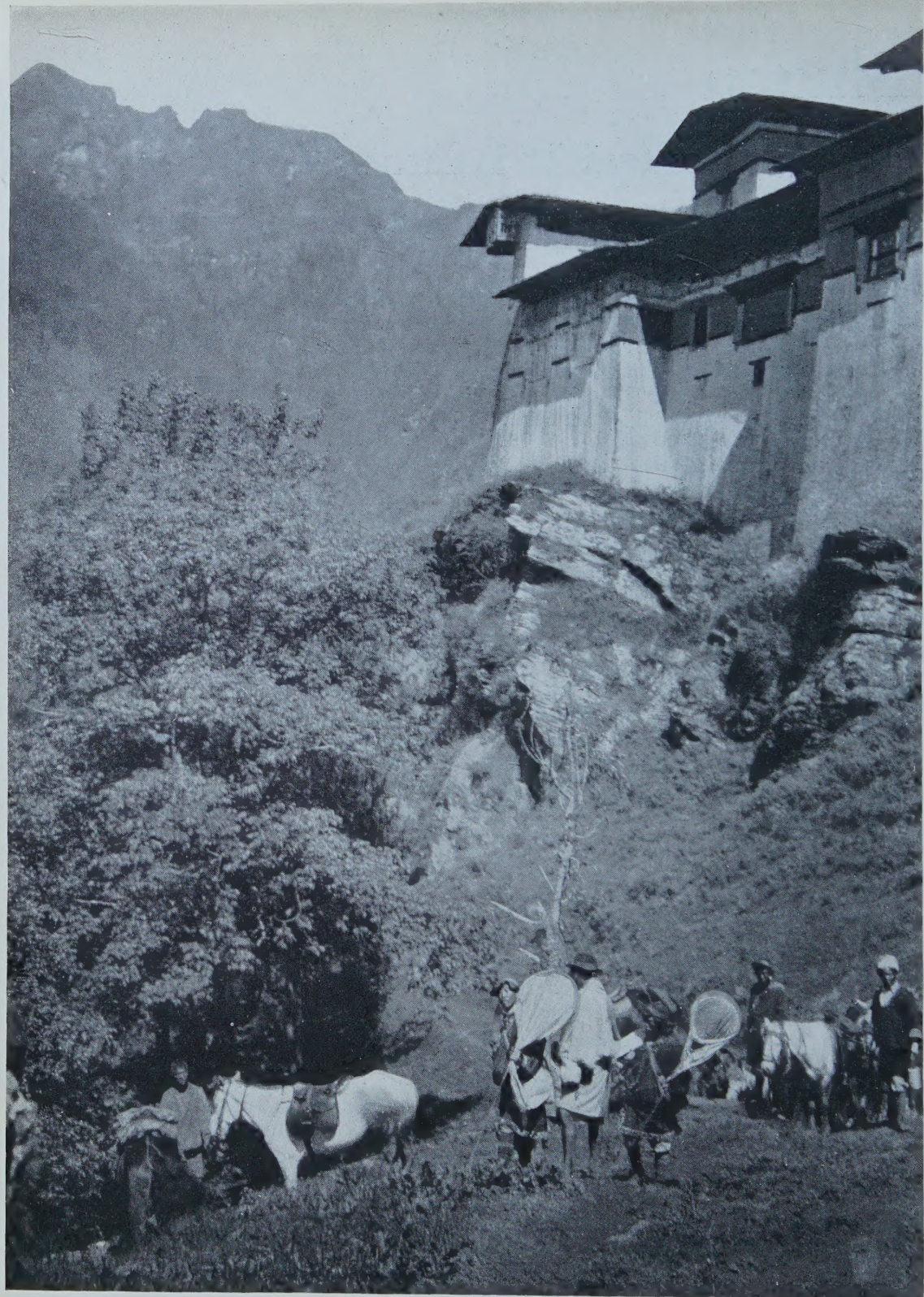
The original inhabitants probably resembled their neighbours to the west and east—the Lepchas of Sikkim and the various tribes of the Assam Himalaya. The influx of Tibetan races improved the type until we get to the magnificent man we find in central Bhutan.

The first event of any certainty regarding Bhutan is the conversion of the people to Buddhism in the 8th century by Padma

Sambhava, an Indian saint revered in Bhutan under the various names of Lopen Rimpoche, Ugyen Rimpoche and Guru Rimpoche.

In the 16th century a Tibetan lama, Shapdrung Rimpoche, found the country torn by tribal wars and gave it a united and settled administration. His image with a white fringe of beard can be seen in all Bhutanese temples. On his death it appeared to be inconceivable that a man who had done so much good could have left the country permanently; so his spirit was found to have been incarnated in a child, and the succession has continued up to the present time. Gradually the successive Shapdrung Rimpoches devoted themselves more to religious and less to secular affairs, until they became purely religious entities, while a powerful minister sprang up alongside who governed the country.

British relations with Bhutan commenced when, in the latter half of the 18th century, we were obliged to protect the State of Cooch Behar from slave-raiders from the highlands. The Bhutanese appealed to the Tashi Lama of Tibet to intercede with us on their behalf. The Lama wrote to Warren Hastings, who despatched George Bogle in 1774 on a mission to the Tashi Lama. Bogle travelled to Tibet through Bhutan, visiting Trashi-Chö Dzong, the winter capital of the country. From here he went through Paro to Drukgye, which means 'Bhutanese victory', and was the scene of a triumph over the Tibetans. He described it as



All photographs by Lt.-Col. Bailey

Drukgye Dzong. Each local governor lives in a dzong or fort. Drukgye, meaning 'Bhutanese Victory', was so called in celebration of a triumph over the Tibetans

'a castle, romantically enough situated on the top of a mount.' Thence he went to Phari in Tibet and visited the Lama at Tashi Lhunpo near Shigatse. Bogle introduced the potato into Bhutan and describes how he planted a few at each of his camps. A few years later Captain Turner was sent on a similar mission, of which he has also left an account.

Further raiding led in 1863-4 to one of the minor wars of the 19th century, in which the writer's father served as a subaltern. We found the Bhutaneese brave and honest fighters.

There was little intercourse with Bhutan from that time until Sir Francis Younghusband, on his mission to Lhasa in 1904, found a friend in the person of Ugyen Wangchuk, the Penlop or Governor of Trongsa in Eastern Bhutan, who did his best to persuade the Tibetans to discuss with Sir Francis the questions in dispute.

Bhutan had always suffered from internal disorder caused by lack of strength at the centre, and the subordinate chiefs were inclined to act with more independence than was conducive to good government. Sir Ugyen Wangchuk put an end to this in 1907 when he was elected first hereditary Maharaja of the country. Since that day the country has steadily progressed in peace and unity. In 1915 a treaty was signed by which Bhutan agreed that her foreign relations should be conducted through the Government of India on condition of non-interference in her internal affairs.

The Bhutaneese have an intense desire for independence, and our liberal treatment of Tibet after the Younghusband mission made it clear that Bhutan had nothing to fear from us in this respect. The people dislike strangers, who have no business there, travelling aimlessly about the country, but that they are not unreasonable in the matter is proved by the welcome accorded to various travellers in the past. When necessary, they will even invite Europeans into their country.



Sir Ugyen Wangchuk, first Maharaja of Bhutan, resplendent in the insignia of the G.C.I.E.

Bhutan wishes to use her own people for her development and progress. For this purpose about forty boys were sent to Kalimpong for education some years ago. These have now returned to their country, where they are working as doctors, veterinary surgeons, teachers, forest officers, engineers, agricultural experts, etc. The moving spirit behind this was a kinsman of His Highness the Maharaja, Raja S. T. Dorji, whose patriotism led him to foster, and to a large extent finance, this movement from his private purse.

Mr. White, the first British Political Officer for Bhutan, has described the

country as being divided into three zones. The southern zone, being too hot for the Bhutanese, is almost uninhabited except for a few recent settlers from Nepal. The country is full of wild animals, and the capture and sale of elephants has been a source of revenue to the State. The middle zone, from about 4000 to 10,000 feet, is the inhabited part of the country. Large valleys cross this from north to south, in each of which is built a *dzong* or fort which is the residence of the governor of the district. These buildings are of great size and strength and made of stone. The wooden roofs are weighted down with boulders,

while the walls are not perpendicular but slope inwards. The northern zone up to the eternal snow is occupied by graziers who tend herds of yaks, sheep, and cattle.

The traveller in Bhutan is struck by the fact that the people do not live in towns, or even in villages, but in scattered farms. The country is entirely self-supporting; the people weave garments from the wool of their sheep or from other fibres. All household utensils they make themselves of wood or bamboo. Shops are unknown, though a few traders sit selling trumpery articles on the bridge at Punaka. Up to a few years ago the only coinage consisted of



Paro Dzong was visited by George Bogle, Warren Hastings' emissary, on his way to Tibet in 1774. At the time of the author's visit the governor kept his own dancers and jester



This Bhutanese official, photographed with his family, wears a kilt like other Highland gentlemen. His lady's hair is cut short, after the custom of the country

roughly stamped lumps of copper, and Indian and Tibetan money was mostly used. Now a silver coin equal to half a rupee and a copper coin of about the same size have been minted in Calcutta to a Bhutanese design.

In the centre of Bhutan the only transport is furnished by man, while the traveller himself can ride a pony or mule and in certain higher places a yak. Transport in the foot-hills is occasionally by motor car on the Indian side of the frontier, and in the thick uninhabited forest of Bhutan by elephant or sometimes by pony. Roads are very rough, but, in contrast, bridges are good and very strongly made on the cantilever principle. Important bridges have a blockhouse at each end which effectually closes them in time of danger.

The Bhutanese have a picturesque way of receiving a guest. Some miles before the point of arrival they build a bower of

shrubs decorated with flowers and fruits. Inside this the traveller sits on bright-coloured cushions and is refreshed with fruit and drink. A similar arbour will be made for the servants. A man serving tea or wine will always pour a few drops into his hand and drink it himself before filling your cup. This is of course a relic of the days when precautions had to be taken against poisoning.

The dress of the people is somewhat like that of the Tibetans, but the skirt is shorter and resembles a kilt. Both men and women wear the hair short. The officers and their retainers dress in brilliantly coloured silk robes woven in the country and carry a ceremonial scarf or shawl made of the silk of the wild silk moth of Assam. The uses and flourishes of these scarves are important matters of ceremonial. The Maharaja alone has the right to wear a scarlet one.

The Bhutanese are a most artistic race; their *appliqué* saddle-cloths, their bags for carrying food and other things on the journey, as well as cushions, are made of coloured broadcloth imported from Europe and are marvels of fine work in bold designs. Their religious pictures are often made in embroidery, and they weave brilliant shawls from silks imported through India. Their swords are of polished steel, with the hilt of filigree silver and the scabbard of silver. Each soldier takes a great pride in the polish he can get on his blade. The people chew betel-nut a great deal, and carry it in artistically worked boxes of silver with gilt wash in parts and often with turquoises set in as ornaments. The metalwork of their altars cannot be matched in Tibet. Table decorations are more often in bright-coloured fruit than in flowers, artistically arranged on platters

made for the purpose. It does not follow that this fruit is to be eaten. Some of it is certainly inedible jungle fruit, but as a bright-coloured decoration it is most striking and attractive. The food served on ceremonial occasions is rice mixed with butter, slightly sweetened and flavoured, and coloured with saffron. (Rice is largely grown and is of very good quality.) The Bhutanese also eat very hot spiced curry. They drink Chinese tea made in the Tibetan way, but they are not such a tea-drinking race as their neighbours in Tibet.

In Tibet a white scarf takes a prominent place in all ceremonies. In Bhutan the scarf may be coloured, and several scarves of different colours may even be used. When saying good-bye the parties exchange scarves, wave to each other, and give a peculiar call which carries through



The takin is found only in this part of the world. He belongs to the goat family, though his relations may have their doubts



Scarves play a great part in the polite ceremonial of Bhutan, especially in connection with greeting and leave-taking. Their colours and the flourishes given to them are important matters of 'etiquette'

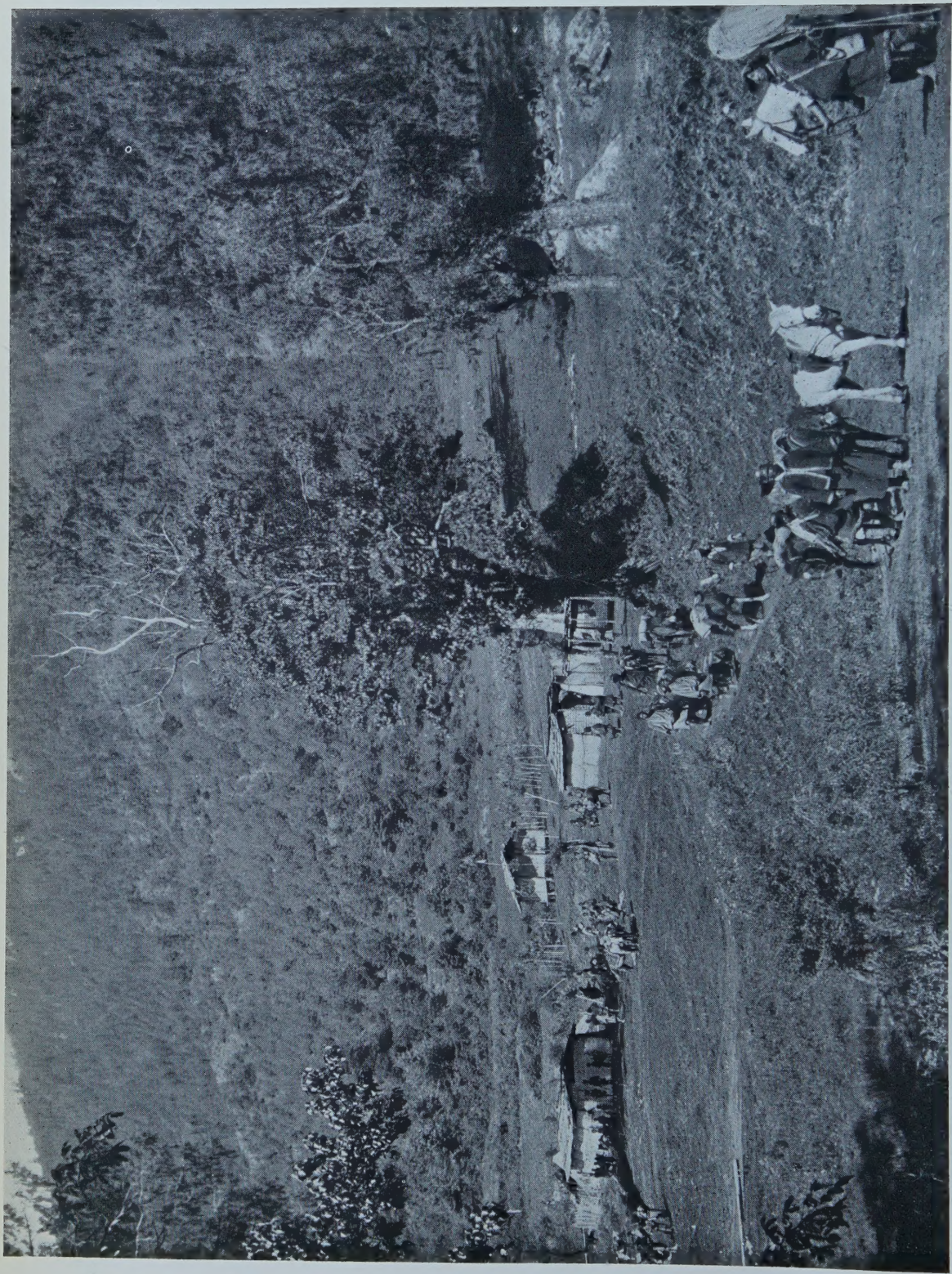
the hills, until they are out of sight. The Maharaja himself always parted from us in this way.

The religion is the 'Red Cap' or old form of Lamaism, and numbers of Bhutanese perform the pilgrimage to Lhasa, where a Bhutanese consul is maintained. There are several languages in the country, most of them dialects of Tibetan. People in some districts are unable to converse with those from other parts, but they have the religious bond in Lhasa, and returned pilgrims are often met with who speak Lhasa-Tibetan. The Bhutanese write in Tibetan characters, but there is a distinct difference in the manuscript. Their religious books are printed in Tibet.

Although I had served for some years in Tibet close to the Bhutan border, it was not until 1913, when the late Colonel Morshed and I were returning from exploring the falls and rapids on the great bend of

the Tsangpo (as the Bramaputra is called in Tibet), that I paid a visit to Bhutan. We entered the country without warning or permission quite unexpectedly from the north-east. The policy of exclusion did not apparently apply to travellers who were obviously only passing through the country as quickly as possible on their way from Tibet to India, and we were most hospitably entertained. Captain Kingdon Ward and Lord Cawdor had a very similar experience under like circumstances a few years later.

As we approached the scattered groups of farms among lemon, orange, and pomegranate trees, which are the nearest approach to villages in Bhutan, the people would meet us carrying smoking incense of wormwood, juniper and other fragrant shrubs; we and our servants would be given refreshments of fruit and strong drink and later seen off with similar ceremonies.



The author's cavalcade leaving camp near Drukgye. The climate of these fertile valleys may be contrasted with that of the passes on the northern frontier of Bhutan, as depicted on the opposite page



Sure-footed yaks were needed to enable the author to enter Tibet over the frozen snow which crowns the 17,400-foot Pass of Monlakarchung

On our passage through the country we passed the important Dzong of Trashigang. The Officer in Charge had accompanied the Maharaja to Lhasa with the Young-husband mission in 1904, and was particularly helpful to us. The Bhutanese have a pretty custom of sending mules for the traveller to ride the last few miles (or even few days) of his journey. These are beautifully adorned with *appliqué*-work saddle-cloths in brilliant colours. On this occasion two mules were sent for each of us, so that we could change if our mount was tired or unsuitable. Here we witnessed a dance of masked Lamas, after which a monk, masked to represent Guru Rimpoche, blessed and named the babies which had been brought in from the surrounding country.

In 1922 I was deputed by the Government of India to take the insignia of the G.C.I.E. to His Highness Sir Ugyen Wangchuk. On this occasion we travelled two-thirds of the way across Bhutan from west to east and had the experience of crossing the series of passes and visiting the castles or *dzongs* in the valleys between. We entered the country from the Chumbi valley, our first pass being the Kyu La, 14,150 feet high, and in three days reached Ha Dzong. On the road were wonderful alpine flowers, at their best in June—primulas of many colours, deep crimson, red, yellow, and blue: blue, yellow, and white poppies. Once, earlier in the year, we found a beautiful blue primula which proved to be a new species.

We spent three days at Ha as guests of Raja Dorji and amused ourselves by fishing, archery, and visiting the beautiful buildings and valleys in the neighbourhood.

Two days' march from Ha over a 12,400-foot pass brought us to Paro, another large *dzong*. Some miles out we were met by a guard of soldiers dressed in bright silks, wearing steel helmets and carrying rhinoceros-hide shields and two swords apiece—one in a silk bag in reserve. With them were the usual decorated mules for

us to ride and two wonderful tireless dancers who danced continuously for five miles along the rough road. When in camp these men sat outside our tents and danced in front of us if we went for a walk. In addition to these dancers the Paro Penlop also keeps a jester. The Penlop lives in a huge room, spotlessly clean, with walls and floor of beautifully polished pine-wood. Round the walls hang various weapons—modern sporting rifles, ancient Tower muskets, bows, arrows and shields.

From Paro we crossed the 11,600-foot Bela La and reached Trashi-Chö Dzong in two days. Trashi-Chö Dzong was visited by Bogle and Turner. Two days more over a 12,400-foot pass brought us to Punaka. The altitude is only 5150 feet, and in summer the rulers of the country used to move to Trashi-Chö Dzong at the cooler altitude of 7800 feet.

Punaka Dzong is in a good defensive position at the junction of two rivers, and is reached only over defended bridges on either side. Up the valley of one of these rivers can be found the takin, a curious animal allied to the Rocky Mountain goat, for all that the horns are shaped like those of a gnu. The late Maharaja sent me one, which is at present in the London Zoo.

Eight miles downstream from Punaka is the Dzong of Wangdü Potrang which Turner coming from India 150 years ago called the 'Castle of Wandipore'.

Our next stretch was five days to Trongsa and included the crossing of the 11,000-foot Pele La. One day as we were going along the hilly road through the forest we came suddenly on a wonderful sight. Under the trees the ground was covered with masses of a most beautiful lily. The flower was an open bell of greenish white which turned to a cream tint in older flowers, with a large deep crimson centre. We saw quantities of this flower during the next two days, and on our return to Sikkim we sent men back over 200 miles through the mountains to get bulbs after the leaves had died down.



Wangdü Potrang (or, as he called it, 'Wandipore') has changed little since it was sketched by Lieutenant Samuel Davis, who accompanied Captain Turner to Tibet a hundred and fifty years ago



Some of these plants are now growing in Great Britain.

Trongsa Dzong is strongly situated astride the road, and, since at this point there is no easy way round, it commands the surrounding country.

Two days on, after crossing the Yo To La, we reached Bumtang where the Maharaja was living. Here we spent a fortnight visiting places of interest. The temple of Kuje (lit. 'Body Print') is the holiest spot in Bhutan. It has been built against a rock under which Guru Rimpoche sat in meditation for so long that the print of his body was impressed on the rock itself, while his pilgrim's staff which he stuck into the ground can now be seen grown as a large tree.

One day the insignia of the G.C.I.E. were presented to His Highness with full

ceremony. All the high officers of State bowed down to him and made presents of various kinds. Outside, the populace were fed and given money. We played English games with the Bhutanese, fired rifles and practised archery.

From Bumtang we travelled northwards into Tibet, eventually crossing the Himalayas by the 17,400-foot Pass of Mönlakar-chung. We had not gone far into the northern zone when the vegetation changed and the forests of Bumtang gradually gave way to birch, juniper, and rhododendron. Villages were no more seen, the roads were less frequented and consequently more difficult, until at the snow-clad pass itself we were obliged to ride yaks. These animals are slow, uncomfortable, and of uncertain temper, but very sure-footed over rough ground, snow or ice.



Disentangling fouled fishing lines is not the elephant's usual job, but here he is seen performing this service for the author

A journey through the foothills is in great contrast to travel in the interior of Bhutan. The frontier with British India is marked out by pillars which were originally made of bricks. Now, for some reason, a wild elephant cannot abide the sight of a brick pillar, and the marks were rapidly demolished. With the aid of a map and certain measurements we were able to find traces of these pillars among the matted vegetation and we rebuilt them as triangles of railway rails, which are practically indestructible.

Here the Bhutanese prepared the most delightful camps, clearing the jungle and building grass huts, among which we pitched out our tents. The whole camp was decorated with orchids and other flowers, with oranges and bright-coloured fruits. Wild banana trees were put in to shade the paths and decorated archways of bamboo trellis-work added to the beauty of the scene. Here we would remain either one or several nights. The evening would be spent round the camp-fire watching Bhutanese dances and listening to Bhutan-

ese songs. The forest and tall grass were full of game. Besides elephant we saw rhinoceros, buffalo and many deer, and on several occasions the tracks of tiger. The rivers were full of fish, which gave us good sport. An elephant proves most useful when out fishing, since he can take you across quite large and deep rivers, and if your line is caught up he will go into the deep water and deal with the trouble.

Travel in this delightful country will always be one of my happiest recollections. The feudal customs of this hospitable people; the magnificent buildings; the glorious views of pine, green turf and flowers; the deep river gorges; the variety of climate and scenery from the steamy foothills to the permanent snows; and, above all, the great and lasting friendships made among the people of whom Bogle in 1774 wrote: 'They are stranger to falsehood and ingratitude; theft and every other species of dishonesty to which the love of money gives birth are little known'—all combined make the country unique in the 20th century.

Gdynia

Poland's Window on the World

by A. T. LUTOSLAWSKI

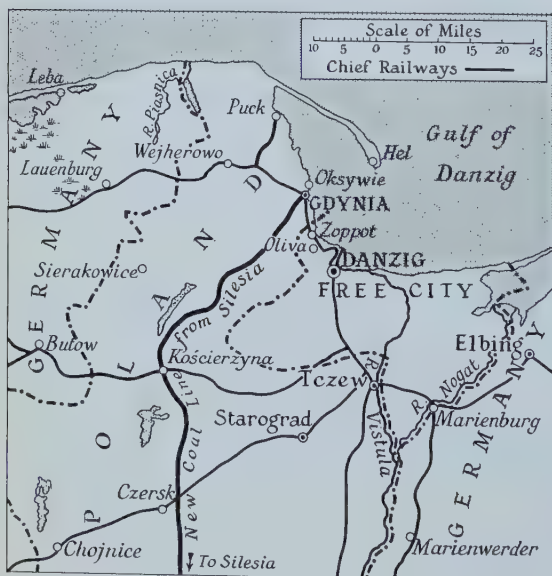
Today the busiest harbour in the Baltic; ten years ago a saltmarsh. That is Gdynia, which has arisen with magic swiftness in response to Poland's need for a port of her own. The recent expansion of an old city—Amsterdam—was described in our first number. Here we see how a brand-new one has been created

POLAND regained in 1918, together with her independence, enough of her former territories to give her that 'free and secure access to the sea' which was foreshadowed in President Wilson's 'Fourteen Points'. There was, however, at that time on the Polish coast no port even of secondary importance. Danzig, it should be borne in mind, was established as a Free City—and Polish trade met there with various difficulties which made it impossible for Poland to rely safely on this harbour as her only doorway to the seas of the world. In any case it very soon became apparent that one port could not possibly satisfy the growing needs of the country's overseas trade. There were only a few fishing

hamlets to be found on the forty miles of sea coast belonging to Poland. The decision was therefore taken to build a new harbour which could usefully serve the trade of a country of the size of Poland.

CHOICE OF A SITE

A minute search was made for a suitable site. The Polish coast extends from west to east for some 20 miles along the open Baltic, then follows the 12-miles-long peninsula of Hel, and afterwards continues for some 12 miles more along the bay formed by that peninsula, before reaching the frontier of the Free City of Danzig. The choice was in fact limited to about





Baltic Institute, Toruń

Gdynia 1924



Poddębski

Gdynia 1934

20 miles of coast, as the sandy and narrow strip of land reaching out into the sea under the name of Hel was entirely out of the question so far as the construction of a new port was concerned. To the west of Hel the coast rises in cliffs occasionally intersected by picturesque ravines, and then, shortly before reaching the river Piasnica which marks the German frontier, forms a beautiful beach hundreds of yards wide and covered with pure sand that is a joy to the bather. This section, however, was less suitable for the erection of a harbour, both because of the nature of the soil and because of the very close proximity of the frontier.

The section to the east of the Hel peninsula then recommended itself to the notice of the intending builders by the fact that it was sheltered from the sea by the long natural breakwater of Hel. In the cul-de-sac of the Hel bay there nestled the small and ancient fishing town of Puck. This charming place was quite unsuited to undergo the very extensive alterations which would have been necessary in order to provide Poland with a harbour capable of meeting her need of a medium for overseas trade. Many shallows barred the way to Puck, and only the local fishermen could pilot even the smallest craft in or out without mishap.

Proceeding eastwards, the investigators passed several small villages perched on the cliff. Then they came to a mile-wide gap in the cliff, and in the flat space thus opened there was a hamlet with a couple of cottages. The locality was marked only on the most detailed maps of the Military Survey and few people had ever heard of it. Its name was Gdynia.

A few miles to the east lay the frontier and beyond it the resorts of Zoppot, Oliva and close by, on the delta of the Vistula, the old Hanseatic city of Danzig.

The marshy character of the surroundings testified to the former existence of a sea creek, which later had disappeared, leaving behind it the soft, broad expanse

of the Gdynia fields, framed in hills on either side. The flat space between the two cliffs was sandy in parts and contained large layers of peat, occasionally used by the villagers for fuel. The coast line was practically straight and the turf came nearly to the water line, for there are almost no tides in the Baltic.

The choice of the spot on which the new harbour was to be built was first suggested by the then Commodore Unrug, now in command of the Polish navy.

THE HARBOUR

Construction was started on a small scale in 1921. Owing to the difficult financial situation of the country at that time, it continued at a slow pace until 1924. In that year an agreement was signed with a Franco-Polish consortium consisting of several firms specializing in harbour construction. The first section of the harbour works was finished in 1930, when a second agreement was signed for the completion of a further section, which was opened to traffic in 1934.

Breakwaters and wharves were made by sinking concrete caissons filled with sand. Some of the basins were excavated out of the land and some were delimited by breakwaters stretching out into the sea. The earth taken from the inland part was used for filling in the projecting piers. Each of the caissons was 75 feet in length, 20 feet in breadth, and 30 or more feet in depth, made of concrete reinforced with steel. As the total length of the deep-water wharves is now nearing 6 miles, the number of caissons that had to be used can easily be calculated. It must be remembered, however, that there were often several caissons sunk parallel to each other, while the space between them was filled in with stones or other material.

The amount of dredging that had to be done, partly in shallow water and partly in entirely artificial basins, may be judged from the following figures: the water area of the harbour amounts at present to about

Gdynia at an early stage of construction. Note the caisson being sunk on the right



Foto-Eiite



Baltic Institute Toruń

One of the reinforced concrete caissons, 75 feet long, which form the breakwaters of the harbour, is here seen being lowered into position



Podgębski

The most up-to-date apparatus for handling traffic has been installed in Poland's new port. Here is a machine, among the first of its kind in Europe, which unloads a 15-ton truck in less than five minutes



Podłębski

Fishing-boats in the inner harbour

685 acres and its average depth is 30 feet, while before the work was started the depth of the sea was only about 10 feet at 200 feet from the shore.

The railways serving the harbour had all to be built from the beginning, as were also the roads; in 1924 there were no roads in Gdynia except country lanes. There are now about 50 miles of railway track laid out in the harbour.

The communications between Gdynia and the rest of Poland have also been largely improved. In 1933 a new line was opened, linking up the coalfields of Silesia and the coal port of Gdynia. This new 'coal line' runs across half Poland and is 300 miles in length.

About sixty light and heavy electric cranes have been installed to serve the wharves and the adjoining warehouses. Some of the coal-loading machines, notably the one which, in less than five

minutes, tips over a 15-ton truck directly into the hold of a ship, are among the first of their kind in Europe and are many times more efficient than any other method of loading bulk goods. All the appliances used by the constructors of Gdynia were the most modern that could be found. There was nothing to tie Gdynia to existing conditions or traditions; the conditions were indeed often adapted to the requirements of efficiency.

The work went on relentlessly, according to the prearranged plans, but it was not before 1926 that the first mole was available for the discharging of ships. This year is also memorable in the history of Gdynia as one in which its development took a turn for the faster, thanks to the efforts of M. Kwiatkowski, who was appointed Minister of Industry and Commerce in 1926, and has since devoted the best of his energy to the welfare of Gdynia.



Photo-Plat

The railway station, built in the style of a Polish country house

At that time the modern town of Gdynia was as yet almost unborn. The naval basin was under construction, the inner basins were being excavated, and the village, overwhelmed by so many new facts, had hardly managed to keep pace with them. The rapid strides made by Gdynia harbour were bound, however, to have a decisive influence on the life of the village.

THE TOWN

In 1927 Gdynia received the status of a town. A new railway station in the style of a Polish country mansion, bank buildings, an ultra-modern post office, business houses, Government buildings, all came suddenly into being and dwarfed the few cottages of which the village was formerly composed. The sight of systematically laid out and paved streets with their name-boards at the corners but almost bare of houses was at first somewhat peculiar.

The men employed in the erection of the port, and later the people to whom the port gave work, created a very strong demand for housing. Blocks of flats were erected; hotels, restaurants, shops, cinemas, private villas and houses covered the hills surrounding the Gdynia valley. The hill of Oksywie, the western boundary of the town, was allotted as quarters to the naval authorities, who have built repairing docks, barracks, store-houses, mess-rooms, etc. On the road to Oksywie, which circles the inner basins cutting deep inland at that point, there sprang up a large and imposing building—the School for Mercantile Marine Officers.

Brokers' offices, foreign consulates, business houses, a church, a hospital, and all that is generally associated with a busy town, have thus appeared on the turf which, almost as late as 1925, could have been used for a polo ground.

The extension of the port and of its subsidiaries was fortunately unimpeded, as there were no structures to demolish nor plots of land to buy at exorbitant prices. The land was perfectly free to build upon.

The eastern end of Gdynia has developed as a holiday resort, with a fine beach, a pier, a casino, and many boarding-houses and hotels, all of which are overcrowded in the summer season, when many Poles make a point of visiting Gdynia to see the progress made since they were last there.

Even today, a town of about 50,000 inhabitants, Gdynia still presents an aspect of obvious newness. There are fine houses with gaps between them waiting to be filled in; there are streets leading directly out into the country; but the development of the town is directed by a plan which is adhered to, and already the shape of the whole is becoming more regular, the streets begin to look more like streets, and the city is taking on a normal appearance, instead of that of a mushroom sprung up in a single night, which is its real character.

Incidentally, Gdynia has become the most representatively Polish of the towns of Poland, as naturally its population is very largely composed of people from other parts of the country, while the native fishermen are also Polish. It is one of the melting-pots where the West and the East of Poland meet and mix together.

As the various sections of the harbour works are completed and delivered by the contractors to the Polish Government, they are paid for with sums included for this purpose in the budget of the State. The expense thus incurred by Poland has been very considerable indeed. But there is every reason to suppose that this money has been well spent, and this is indeed the prevalent opinion. The importance of an independent outlet to the sea is so great for the Polish State, that no pains are being spared in order to assure that safe access to the sea which is essential to the very independence of Poland.

The city of Gdynia owes its existence to

the port, and its development will be best pictured by the figures covering the turnover of that port. These figures give also an answer to the question which might be asked: "Was the building of Gdynia a necessity?" The figures speak for themselves.

Tonnage of ships entering the harbour (in net reg. tons):

1924	.	.	.	40,469
1925	.	.	.	74,900
1926	.	.	.	209,928
1927	.	.	.	426,722
1928	.	.	.	984,895
1929	.	.	.	1,442,492
1930	.	.	.	2,029,822
1931	.	.	.	2,649,568
1932	.	.	.	2,831,604
1933	.	.	.	3,426,103
1934	.	.	.	4,142,142

It will be of some interest to make a few comparisons: for 1933 the corresponding figure for Danzig was 2,763,000 tons (it had been only 925,000 tons in 1913), Stockholm 2,527,000 tons, Helsingfors 1,700,000 tons, and Riga 915,000 tons. Yet all these harbours were already flourishing at a time when Gdynia was still non-existent. The latest in date among the Baltic ports now handles the largest traffic by a considerable margin. The reason is obvious—the two most important Baltic ports are those that serve the hinterland of Poland with its 33 millions of inhabitants, while the others have only smaller countries behind them or (as in the case of the German ones) have merely a secondary importance when compared with their great North Sea rivals.

Gdynia presents, from several points of view, an interesting aspect to the visitor. For the technician the modern appliances used for the loading and discharging of ships provide an attraction. For the architect the sight of an entirely new town will probably be something of an experience. For the economist the field of study is wide in Gdynia, where the commercial



(Above) One of the main streets

(Below) The harbour station

Poddęski





Podgórski

The meteorological station and steamship offices seen from the harbour

interests of a large part of Central Europe converge. The politician may also find there ample material for reflection on the geographical realities on which international relations depend. The pleasure seeker will find a gay seaside resort, perhaps not so luxurious as some others, but with a new atmosphere peculiar to itself. Lastly, the man who views the world, not with a specialized or professional interest but from the point of view of an interest in all things human, will find in Gdynia perhaps more enjoyment than all the others. It is encouraging to see that, although some are inclined to think that the world has now only its own destruction in mind, there are places where construc-

tion is still the leading motive. It may be something of a surprise to find one of these places in a country which used to be regarded as a somewhat dreamy if not actually a backward one.

Although the rest of Poland is still feeling, together with its neighbours, the consequences of the world crisis, with that slackening-down of the pace of life which necessarily follows, Gdynia serves to show how almost anything can be done by a persistent effort when it coincides with a real need. Thus Gdynia is for Poland, as it were, a symbol of her renaissance—and yet also a monument of real practical value such as whole galleries of symbolical statuary could not supply.



Agfa Colour Photograph

F. R. Newens, F.R.P.S.

Sunlight in Iviza

Pilgrim to Mecca

by LADY EVELYN COBBOLD

The recent attempt on the life of King Ibn Saud before the Kaaba at Mecca focused the attention of the world on the sacred city. It has been seen by the merest handful of Western Europeans, since no one may visit it without making profession of Islam. Lady Evelyn Cobbold is the first Englishwoman to make the journey, which she described at greater length in her book 'Pilgrimage to Mecca'

THE Pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, which culminated this year on March 15, has existed from time immemorial, for even in pagan times the Arabs flocked there to do homage to the idols enshrined in the Kaaba. When in the 6th century of the Christian era the Prophet of Arabia was born in that savage peninsula Christianity had but faintly rippled the desert surface, and idolatry held the tribes in complete thralldom.

Mohammed destroyed the idols of the Kaaba, but he retained the institution of the *hadj* or pilgrimage to that ancient shrine as one of the five Pillars of Islam, wisely recognizing its value in drawing all Moslems together in a freemasonry and brotherhood of faith where divergencies of race, rank or colour ceased to exist. When the religious duties of the pilgrimage are over, merchants from all lands discuss commerce; theologians and jurists points of law; scientists the latest advances in science; and politicians questions of national and international politics—surely the ideal of a League of Nations has been more nearly approached by Islam than by any other religion.

When at Jedda I received permission to perform the Pilgrimage, it was with a feeling of awe and reverence that I joined the vast throngs gathered together from the far-flung lands of Islam. Some had trudged the pilgrim road through the burning deserts of Africa, or come on foot or camel across the great steppes of Asia. Many arrived by sea from the lovely islands of Java and Sumatra, from India and from China; from east, from west the mighty

hosts were gathered, the men bare-headed in their *ihram* or two white towels, the women in white garments with veils of plaited straw pierced with holes through which to see and breathe. Some of the poorer pilgrims from far countries had been years on the way, and the tiny children carried on their backs or astride their shoulders were born during the long trek.

Thus the pilgrims come to Mecca as the Koran says, "on foot and on every fast mount from every remote corner." Some still come the whole way on foot either from necessity or from devotion like the Caliph Harun Ar-Rashid of *Arabian Nights* fame. Many ride camels in the traditional way, while of late years an ever-increasing number come by bus, taxi and motor car. This season the old caravan route across the desert from Najaf in Iraq to Medina is open for the first time for the conveyance of pilgrims by motor transport. The journey will take five days and save two to four weeks on the sea route round the Arabian Peninsula to Jedda. It will be welcomed not only by the people of Iraq, Persia and the small Arab states on the Persian Gulf but also by those of Afghanistan, Turkestan and many parts of India. The Saudi Arabian Government will no doubt institute a new quarantine station for this route in addition to those which it maintains at Jedda and Yanbo, and which the British Government maintains on the Island of Kamaran and the Egyptian Government at Tor.

King Ibn Saud has established order and security in the Hejaz and, as might be expected under his enlightened rule, every



Lady Evelyn Cobbold

Pilgrims come ashore at Jeddah in dhows, for the steamers anchor out in the roads



Lady Evelyn Cobbold

Pilgrims nowadays go up to Mecca by motor-bus. Notice their regulation garb of white towels and their shaved heads. They mostly have their heads shaved before they start, since they are forbidden to cut their hair during the pilgrimage



Lady Evelyn Cobbold

The pilgrim hotel at Jeddah. With its balconies and lattices it blends the style of East and West

care is taken to ensure the comfort and health of the pilgrims. Apart from the hospitals and health centres in the towns, all along the pilgrims' routes are to be found at very short intervals hospitals, dispensaries and rest-houses where treatment and medicines are given gratis and the pilgrims receive every care and attention.

Though Mecca is barely 50 miles from Jedda, the journey by car took me nearly three hours, as the sandy track, whitened by the bones of dead camels, was crowded with pilgrims. After crossing the Tihama plain, which borders the Red Sea, we arrived at low foothills, passing at intervals wells and caravansaries where the pilgrims can refresh themselves. Few travel in the scorching midday; the majority rest in open-fronted booths roofed in with palm fronds, awaiting the sunset before resuming their march.

The ruins of old Turkish forts are still to be seen in the hills, and soon two massive stone pillars show that we are entering the Sacred Territory. Every route giving access to the city is bounded by similar pillars, and through them none have ever passed without making profession of allegiance to Islam. Here the pilgrim cries the pilgrim prayer, the *Labbaika*. Sonorous and exultant rose the hymn from a thousand throats, to be echoed again by the arid hills. As we travelled on there grew a tense feeling of expectancy. We were nearing the Holy City.

The green gates closed behind us. We entered Mecca, the city which for over 1300 years has been the centre to which all Islam turns, and which, even before the days of Abraham, was considered sacred ground. For seven hundred years the Koreish were the hereditary guardians of the Kaaba and its idols. From this princely tribe the Prophet sprang, but they became his bitterest enemies when he advocated the destruction of the idols and the worship of God alone.

Many of the long alleys and bazaars were roofed in with shady awnings of palm fibre



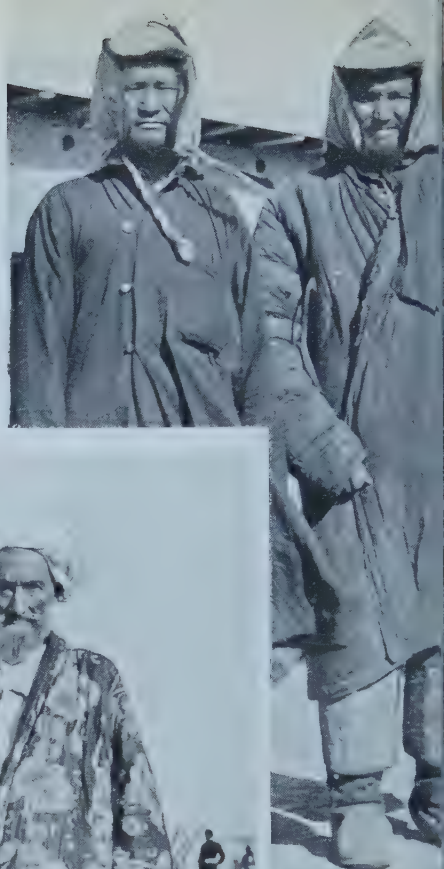
hung at different levels. Everyone was making for the *Haram*, the great mosque which lies in the hollow centre of the city, surrounded by the streets and houses built on the encircling hills.

That night, accompanied by my *mutawwif*, the guide whose duty it is to help the pilgrim do the *Tawaf* (circumambulating the Kaaba), I entered the mosque, discarding my shoes and veil, and for a few seconds I was lost to my surroundings in the wonder and glory of attainment. . . . I stood in the *Haram*, whose long arcades stretched away into the dusky distance, while the Holy of Holies, the mighty cube of the Kaaba, rose in simple majesty from the centre of the huge quadrangle. Broad paths led to it, and on each side of them lay exhausted pilgrims stretched asleep on the gravel. Others were hurrying round the base repeating the words of a prayer after their *mutawwif*. Seven times I circumambulated the sacred temple, my *mutawwif* intoning the prayer in a sonorous voice while I repeated it after him,

*Pilgrims from all over the Moslem world photographed at the
quarantine station at Tor*



Russia



Mongolia



Morocco

Uzbekistan



Sinkiang



E.N.A.

Thousands of pilgrims throng round the sacred Kaaba. The white kiosk on the left is built over the sacred well of Zem-Zem

occasionally crying "*Allahu-Akbar*" (God is greatest of all). Divested of all earthly cares, that vast concourse of humanity drawn from the far corners of the world appeared completely lost to their surroundings in a fervour of religious exultation.

Set in silver in a corner of the Kaaba is a black stone which the pilgrims kiss; it is a symbol, even as a national flag is a symbol and is revered in much the same spirit. It stands for the unparalleled antiquity of the Kaaba, which the Koran proclaims as the 'First House of Worship', for it is the one fragment left of the original building which was raised in the unknown past to the worship of the Invisible and Indivisible God and was the corner-stone of this sacred edifice when Abraham had to rebuild it under Divine command. That stone, the Well

of Zem-Zem which saved the lives of Hagar and her son, and the ceremonies of *Es-Saaye*, are all part of a great historical pageant commemorating the birth of the Arab nation.

Having kissed the stone and drunk of the waters of Zem-Zem, we proceeded to perform two *rekaats* (prostrations) at Makam Ibrahim, a small cupola supported on iron pillars opposite the silver door of the Kaaba, marking the spot where the patriarch Abraham stood when he rebuilt the Kaaba, at that time in ruins. We then returned to the Kaaba and, stretching our arms along the wall, made supplications to God.

Again we crossed the quadrangle, and regaining our shoes we passed through one of the forty-four gates of the mosque and proceeded to run along the street El Masa,



E.N.A.

The holy tombs at El-Maala have been levelled to the ground by the Wahabis since this photograph was taken. The large white cupola in the centre marked the tomb of Khadijah

starting from a rocky cul-de-sac El-Marwa to another one two hundred yards away—El Safa. At each cul-de-sac we climbed some rocky steps, and with our faces turned to the unseen Kaaba, we waved our hands three times, crying "*Allahu Akbar*". It is the duty of every pilgrim to run this path seven times, as long ago the distracted Hagar ran along it when searching for water.

Men and women of every Islamic nation were hurrying and supplicating, men with long curling hair, fierce-eyed warriors from the Indian hills, fair-haired Turks, zealots from Morocco and Tripoli. People of every class and rank partook in this ceremony of *Es-saaye*, which is next in importance to the *Tawaf*.

It was long past midnight. I had completed my *Omr*ah, or lesser pilgrimage, but there remained still three days to the

official date of the great Pilgrimage at Arafat.

Shortly after sunrise, accompanied by my *mutawwif*, I entered the great mosque by the beautifully carved Gate of Abraham. We climbed some stone steps up and down a parapet which served to prevent the water entering the mosque when the rare but heavy rains descend on Mecca. All the doors of the mosque were protected with these parapets, but there have been occasions when the water has overflowed, flooded the mosque and even drowned the worshippers.

As I left the pillared cloisters, the marble pathway through the quadrangle was already hot to my stockinged feet. A great crowd was gathered round the Kaaba, for Ibn Saud, the warrior King of Arabia, clad in his *ihram*, was inside washing the floor with water from Zem-Zem, afterwards

sprinkling it with rose-water distilled by the scent merchants from roses grown at Taif, the mountain oasis some 70 miles south-east of Mecca. Afterwards I visited the famous well of Zem-Zem, where two Arabs continually haul water from the depths to fill the waiting jars, for every pilgrim drinks from Zem-Zem.

In the late afternoon, when the sun had lost some of its fierceness, I visited the graves of Khadijah and others of the Prophet's family at the Cemetery of El-Maala. Khadijah was the first wife of Mohammed and his only one until her death after twenty-five years of marriage. She was his first disciple and helped and cheered him when all the world and his powerful relations were against him. The vast cemetery of El Maala, where once stood mausolea and graceful domed cupolas erected in memory of the great dead, is now a stretch of empty desert, for the erections over Khadijah's tomb, in common with all the others, have been razed to the ground by the Wahabis. Ignorant pilgrims used to worship at the tombs, and these rigid Puritans were resolved to cleanse Islam of all the superstitious growth of centuries and restore it to the simple faith taught by the Koran. This act of pulling down was, however, not done in any spirit of desecration or disrespect, as the glorious dead who lie buried there are as much respected by the Wahabis as by those who put up these monuments in their honour. The Prophet on his deathbed exclaimed, "Oh God, let not my tomb be worshipped." And again, "May Allah curse the Jews and Nazarenes for that they have taken the tombs of their Prophets as places of worship. Beware ye of what they have done." It was Mohammed who laid down the rule, so scrupulously observed by the Wahabis, that graves should be level with the ground.

The night before the Great Pilgrimage, Mecca was a seething mass of *hadjis* and camels. Sleep was impossible. All night the camels were being loaded; never did

their grunts and gurgles cease. Apart from the universal din and excitement, there was a tense feeling of expectation which tended to make one restless.

Rising early, I threaded my way through the kneeling beasts to do a final *tawaf* before my pilgrimage. It was still dark when my *mutawwif* and I entered the *Haram* to join the throng circumambulating *Beit Allah* (the House of God). Many were in a state of frenzy and crying out loudly. The niche that held the sacred stone was guarded by two soldiers armed with a rope and sticks to prevent the maddened pilgrims rushing it, and they were forced to hit right and left in a vain endeavour to keep order. Fanaticism was let loose; religious fervour had become frenzy, when above the cries, the supplications, there sounded the *azaan*. From every minaret of the great mosque rose the call to prayer. The dawn was breaking and peace descended on the fevered pilgrims. The shouts died down, and as the *muezzins'* voices heralded the coming day, the multitudes prostrated themselves in prayer.

It was not until the afternoon that I entered my car for the last stage of the pilgrimage, to wend our way through endless processions of *hadjis*, camels and donkeys, past the burial-ground of El Maala, and the King's Palace. Turning east, we found ourselves in a valley of stony hills with huge boulders, heaved up, no doubt, in prehistoric days by volcanic forces. The stately procession of camels with their brilliantly painted trappings were a vision to enchant the eye as they moved ceaselessly on in the brilliant sunshine against the grim background of grey rock and yellow sand. It was a fairy tale of long ago, like the *Arabian Nights* which delighted us in childhood.

We entered the deep ravine blasted by the late King Hussein to make easier the pilgrim road. On emerging into the open, the hills grew steeper. We were approaching Muna, that desert town, six miles from Mecca, which wakes up once a year to



E.N.A.

Pilgrims encamped outside the town of Mûna. Tradition says that Adam is buried at Mûna and that Mohammed used to pray there

the mighty invasion of the Pilgrimage. A third of the journey was accomplished and the pilgrims rested for the night. My host had taken two small houses for the days of pilgrimage, one for himself and his sons, and one for the ladies. I chose the roof of the latter on which to spread my mattress and was delighted with my airy abode under the stars.

The King has a palace at Mûna which he occupies for the days of Pilgrimage, and there he entertains the more important of the pilgrims to dinner, thus hearing at first hand Moslem opinion of the world over and exchanging ideas with the rulers of some of the far-flung Moslem countries.

I woke to hear the resonant voice of the *muezzin* floating across the still air from the minaret of the little old mosque of El Khaif, which stands in the sandy waste behind the one long street which is Mûna. In those first few half-conscious moments between sleeping and waking it recalled

me to the knowledge that I was in the very stronghold of Islam and that this was the great Day of Pilgrimage.

Having performed the two *Rekaats* of the Dawn Prayer, I crept down the rickety ladder to join my hostess at breakfast, and shortly after sunrise we were all on our way to Arafat.

Our way lay through deep sand on a track that may once have been a river-bed. A few miles brought us to Muzdalafa with its ruined mosque; then on through arid hills to the tall pillars marking the end of the Sacred Territory. Beyond lay the great plain of Arafat thronged with tents, camels and pilgrims. On our left was Mount Arafat, also called Jebel Rahma (the Hill of Mercy), a steep rock with numerous praying-places on its terraces and topped by a granite pillar. It was from here the Prophet delivered his final address while performing the pilgrimage that proved his last.

The pilgrim road to Arafaat. The pillar on the left marks the end of the Sacred Territory



E

The plain of Arafaat. On the right is Jebel Rahma, a hill of coarse granite some 300 feet high, with its granite pillar visible on the summit



Lady Evelyn Cobbold

The desert warriors of King Ibn Saud accompany their master on the great pilgrimage to Arafaat. Arafaat means 'recognition'; it was there that Adam first met and recognized Eve



My host had a large tent facing the Mount, where we sat awaiting the King's arrival, while numerous friends wandered in and out exchanging greetings. At noon we all did the ceremonial washing for the midday prayer, and after the four *rekaats* prescribed we joined in the *Labbaika*, the refrain of which could be heard from the throats of the 100,000 pilgrims assembled on the plain. Then a chapter from the Koran was read and very beautifully intoned.

There was movement in the camp . . . the camel corps of Ibn Saud were clearing a path for the King, who followed swiftly in his car on his way to Jebel Rahma. We soon saw the King, and near to him the Imam silhouetted against the sky beside the granite Pillar while he preached his 'Sermon on the Mount'. His voice could not carry to the multitude below, but all again called the *Labbaika*; then, as the sun set and the King departed, the tents were taken down and everything put on camels or in cars in an incredibly short time. The Great Pilgrimage was over, and all who had assembled on the plain of Arafaat were now entitled to bear the name of Hadji to their dying day.

On our return journey we stopped at Muzdalafa for a couple of hours' sleep, but midnight saw us once more on the road, every pilgrim armed with seven small stones picked up in the desert to throw at

the 'Great Devil at Müna', a rock marking the place where the Devil tempted Abraham to disobey the Divine command to sacrifice his son. Abraham, Hagar and Ishmael in turn all stoned the Tempter, and every year the pilgrims stone the three rocks in commemoration of the acts of that sorely tried family.

Again I slept that night in my eyrie under the stars, for there yet remained the Feast of Sacrifice, when thousands of young camels, sheep and goats are slaughtered and the flesh divided among the poor. When the sun rose I could see from my eyrie that the pilgrims had discarded the *ihrams*, and sat happily feasting in gay groups, dressed in their bright new robes; the colour and movement in the sunlit valley made a charming scene.

When I returned to Mecca for a final *tawaf*, the Kaaba was resplendent in a new black covering wrought of silk and wool with golden lettering. In the days when Egypt sent this 'carpet', the departure of the Mahmal was one of the great annual festivals of Cairo. Now it is woven by skilled workmen in Mecca.

The Pilgrimage was over. The green gates of Mecca closed behind us. When we passed through the stone pillars marking the end of the forbidden territory I felt I had not only performed a sacred duty, but I had also seen and lived the greatest pageant of history.

The Basuto and their Country

by MARGERY PERHAM

Much has been said and written of late regarding the future of those Protectorates in South Africa which are still directly administered by H.M. Government in the United Kingdom. Miss Perham was enabled by a Rhodes Travelling Fellowship to make a prolonged study of the problems connected with the government of African races. She therefore writes with authority of Basutoland, isolated among its mountains in the midst of the Union of South Africa

THE train from Bloemfontein winds through prosperous farm-lands. Soon over the shoulder of the kopjes looms something that catches at the heart of the most jaded traveller. It rises sheer out of the plains, a huge natural Carcassonne. At first it appears too vast to be real, and indeed the blue smoke-colour given it by the evening makes it seem a jagged cloud. But it is Basutoland, and as the train crawls towards the foothills of Maseru the nearer heights stand forward, the further mountains fall back and the impression of a great single stronghold is lost.

Other questions arise as the train finds its terminus, as South African trains so often do, on the edge of a native reserve, and the new-comer surveys the uneven pattern of cultivation which chequers the slopes and the little round huts standing like colonies of toadstools on the ridges. Why is this beautiful mountain territory, which, as any farmer can see, is well watered and healthy and grand country for sheep, reserved for natives, and why does the Union Jack fly alone beside the District Office? The answer goes back a century.

The early decades of the nineteenth century were a restless period for South African peoples of all colours. There was one whirlpool in the Eastern Cape, where a vanguard of colonists was pressing upon the front line of Bantu tribes coming down from the west and north. There was another whirlpool further up the coast, where the Zulus were pounding the neighbouring tribes and throwing out expeditions or rebel armies to spread devastation

far to the north and north-west. The inevitable northward penetration of the Boer colonists was accelerated by the abolition of slavery and other unpopular measures of the new British Government, and they came trekking into what is now Natal and the Free State. The native peoples round the mountains fell back upon their stronghold, to be joined by the fragments of other tribes thrown up by the storms around. Basutoland became a kind of sanctuary and at its most perilous moment found a guardian, or rather two guardians in strange partnership. Moshesh—this form of the native name has now passed into history—came forward as leader about 1820, and in a long and





Paris Evangelical Mission

Moshesh, father of his people

arduous reign of half a century moulded the divided and harassed clans into one of the few African groups that can be called a nation. Beset by dangers and hearing wonderful things of the white men, he sent in 1833 a half-bred trader with two hundred cattle to see if he could procure for him at least one of these remarkable creatures. This brought the pioneers of the Paris Evangelical Mission to the mountains, led by Monsieur Casalis. He and Moshesh equally could recognize a man, and so began a long co-operation based upon mutual respect, though Moshesh never himself became a Christian. (When nearing his end and instructed by the wife of one of the missionaries to pray "God be merciful to me a sinner," he replied angrily, "Little girl, who told you I was a sinner? I shall get to Heaven as well as you.") The Frenchmen arrived just in time, for the Boer emigrants were on the verge of rounding the mountains and soon began to press upon the most vulnerable side of the

Basuto, where they spread down shelving hills on to the Caledon flats. Moshesh was a statesman as well as a warrior, but the letters with which he assailed both his enemies and his friends and which played such a large part in bringing him success, could not have been written if he had not had the French missionaries for counsellors and scribes.

For fifty years there was almost continual friction and sometimes open and desperate war with the Free State, in which the Basuto did not always come off the worse, though they lost their fertile lowlands to the enemy. Moshesh had his native enemies to deal with and also, at one time, a British force which failed disastrously in its punitive object. Moshesh hastened to disavow the reverse he inflicted upon it, for he never deviated from one object: to put his people under the direct sovereignty of Queen Victoria. In a famous letter to the Queen he informed her that his country was her blanket and his people the lice in it. Accepted in 1848, abandoned in 1854, he got his way at last in 1868 just in time to save his country from the Boer armies, and so was able to die in something like peace. His people bitterly resented being handed over to the Cape in 1871, and rebelled so tenaciously against the Colonial Government that, not for the first time, they forced Great Britain to take back their allegiance in 1884. Ever since then they have been under the direct control of the British High Commissioner.

The country is a little larger than Wales and holds half a million natives, with a handful of white officials, traders and missionaries. Maseru, the capital, like the other six Government 'camps' and most of the trading and mission stations, is situated on the margin: in the interior the Basuto still have their mountains to themselves.

There is only one way to penetrate the mountains, and that is on horseback with tents and gear in pack-saddles. The good-hearted Basuto ponies will carry you up and down precipices all day, swim rivers and be fresh as ever in the morning



Margery Perham

Women are the chief architects and builders in Basutoland. Finishing touches being put to a house

after picking up what they can round your camp. Leaving Maseru behind, the traveller is drawn by a strangely abrupt mountain, a table with almost sheer sides. This is Thaba Bosigo, a veritable natural citadel within a natural fortress. It was the home and refuge of Moshesh; he called it his mother; no enemy ever carried it, though once a Boer commander was killed and his forces thrown back from the very summit's edge. On the top, deserted now, lie the graves of Moshesh and his dynasty, rough cairns of stones.

Further west the land rises through a series of harsh peaks, deeply cut by zigzag streams. Villages with round huts, made of stones or mud, smoothed to a fine surface by the hands of women and beautifully thatched, cluster on the slopes. Often three huts are linked by tall golden fences of woven reeds 8 feet high, the work, again, of women, the whole making a yard

screened from the wind and peering eyes. Except when at work in the fields nearly all the people are well dressed, the women in full skirts of Victorian line, the men generally in trousers and blankets, and their houses show signs of Western influence in windows and furnishings, for mission contact has been prolonged and comparatively deep. The old weapons moulder beside the sewing-machines. Texts and prints of the royal family hang beside charms against witchcraft. High on the roadless hills a chief will display a double brass bedstead and a bulky horsehair sofa and chairs. There is an air of independence about these mountain people seldom met with in South Africa. To your greeting, "*Lumela!*" ("Be prosperous!") the men shout a hearty deep-throated reply, "*Eh Morena!*" ("Yes, chief!"). Riding by in their gaudy blankets and big-brimmed straw hats, they have the air of men who possess their own

souls and their own land, and it is sad to think how the economic net in which they have been caught has to a large extent made prisoners, and may make beggars, of them.

But let us forget that for the moment. We are now in the heart of Basutoland and may shut out thoughts of white men and their bewildering ways. There is no game to be seen; the tribal hunters have cleared it nearly all out, and may now be seen in pursuit of rats. A crowd of men are singing as they hoe a field in line. This is a *letzima* (joint work upon the land of a neighbour or of a chief) to be rewarded with a beer-drink in the evening. Maize and Kaffir corn are the crops, with fine wheat on the hills and pumpkins round the houses. Higher up on the next hill we find a couple of herd-boys riding bullocks.

They are living alone, tending the cattle at the cattle-post, a hard and lonely life. They live on what stores they brought up from the village, on milk and some beast of their own or more often a neighbouring herd, which (all too conveniently perhaps) has died. With the sheep run mohair goats, but the world's taste for plush, in the manufacture of which their hair was much used, has, unfortunately for the Basuto if no one else, been waning. In any case it is seldom allowed to grow to its full length, for as it grows the anxious owner fears that on some dark night his neighbour or his enemy will creep up to his flock, drive it into a cave and roughly shear its crop of mohair. This exciting enterprise has more than once led to fatal midnight battles. It is because of the herding that the little mission schools which dot the country so thickly



Medicine women dancing. All the main occasions of life are celebrated with dance and song

Hugh Ashton



Margery Perham

There are sheep-dipping tanks all over Basutoland, in order to guard against 'scab'

—there are some seven hundred and forty in all—have two or three girls to each boy. Higher still and we are on the roof of the world far more surely than Rhodes on his Matopos. The bare treeless lines of the hills run up and down in all directions, sometimes rising into weird crowns of rock, while a cold and yet inspiring wind races unbroken over the heights, driving the light and shadows as it goes.

As we circle back again to the more populous lowlands, the country's problems clamour for attention. Here are natives picking up the smallest bits of dung from the pasture to burn upon their woodless fires. Here are the patchy, anaemic crops which are all the exhausted soil can produce; here is a cattle track spreading into an eroding *donga* where the sheep have bitten the grass to the roots and left the earth defenceless before wind and water.

A herd of ill-fed cattle pass with the half-dozen scrub-bulls which are levelling them down. A rare plantation of young trees is perishing from neglect and the nibbling of goats. The year before last, when the rainfall fell to 20 inches from its average of 30, there was widespread famine: a special department was created and 70,000 people fed by the Government. It is estimated that about a quarter of the sheep and cattle died or were eaten during the drought. The pasture at least will benefit from the loss.

There are measures that could be taken to combat these evils, and the administration is very much alive to them. Many are in hand, instruction in agriculture by trained native demonstrators being perhaps the most promising. But revenue is low. The prices of primary produce, and mainly of wool and mohair, have come



Shortage of bigger game has reduced the Basuto warriors to hunting rats

Hugh Ashton

*Cultivation often centres
round the mission station*



Margery Perham

*Hoeing is a dusty job, and,
if you sing as well, it
creates a fine thirst for
the evening beer-drink*



Margery Perham

*Basuto ponies swim the
Orange River while their
riders prepare to follow
by boat*



Hugh Ashton



Margery Perham

The author riding on the windy uplands of Basutoland

tumbling down in the last few years (though there has been a recent rally), so that the little territory has had hard work to carry the overhead charges of a separate government. Meanwhile the country, for all its appearance of a magnificent native sanctuary, is economically part of the Union, and the Union wants nothing from it but the pick of its man-power as labour. Records are not complete, but something like half of the eligible males are out in the Union mines and on the Union farms. The country gets some of their wages back in remittances and deferred pay, but no one can regard it as a healthy system for a community.

A political no less than an economic depression hangs over the country. The history of Basutoland has been abnormal from the beginning, and no anthropologist can now very easily disentangle the old culture from the effects, direct or indirect, of European influence. The Basuto passionately desired to keep their old institutions unchanged, and above all the beloved Chieftainship which had made

them what they were. The British Government was quite ready to promise them what they wanted on grounds of economy as well as of principle. But since the days those promises were made a new world has closed round Basutoland, and the Paramount Chief and the 'sons of Moshesh', who rule the districts under him, conservative, secretive, traditionally free from control or guidance, have not known how to make the necessary adjustments, and have not allowed their British advisers to help them as they could. They collect taxes; they hold courts; they allocate the land, and are jealous of improvements that might lessen their control. They meet yearly in a National Council of which they form 90 per cent, and where they make dignified speeches and listen to exhortations from the officials. But the Council is only advisory and its members never bite upon realities as do those native councils elsewhere in British Africa which have money to raise and to spend. The Basuto have the independent and, one might almost say in their case, the complacent

people rode in from all over the country until the plain was blackened with horsemen, is no more, and no new way of harnessing to the state what is educated and progressive has been invented. Reforms, drawn from our accumulated experience elsewhere in Africa, are needed and with the reforms must come a new psychological atmosphere. Neither can come easily or quickly for it would be fatal to break the spirit of the chiefs, yet the moment is propitious. The Basuto fear nothing more than incorporation in the Union. The possibility, always looming on their horizon, has lately come nearer. It is hardly conceivable that Great Britain will hand them over in the near future or against their will, and the interval should be used to put Basutoland politically and economically into a healthier condition. There is every sign that the British authorities have awakened to the responsibility left them by history. Even now a Commissioner, Sir Alan Pim, is at work investigating the economic condition of the country, and his report is eagerly awaited by all those who care for its interests.

There is nothing that so amazes even those who have spent long years in the country as its recuperative powers. A few weeks—almost days—after the rains, the parched, eroded, yellow hills are waving with grass, the streams are pouring, and lilies and irises are bursting beside them. Our coming has put a great strain not only upon the productivity but also upon the tribal institutions of this little country. May we not hope that with sympathetic stimulus there will be a response not only from the natural fertility of the land but from the sturdy character of the Basuto? There is a nobility about the partnership between this courageous little people and their mountains, and if, in the name of modern progress, it is dissolved or spoiled, the world will be the more commonplace for the loss.



Margery Perham

Basuto herdsmen begin young

spirit of the mountaineer. They believe, with some justice, that they have saved themselves by their own exertions, and they are intensely suspicious of any attempts to interfere with what they regard as their traditional rights. The chiefs in Council meet proposals for reform by references to old promises of non-interference: they quote Moshesh and assert a high doctrine of the divine right of all his descendants.

The old democratic government of the Basuto, where the chiefs depended more upon the support of the commoners, and when at the *pitso* or national assembly the

Unveiling Mount Mystery

by WING COMMANDER E. B. BEAUMAN

PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE SKI CLUB

In the heart of the Coast Range of British Columbia rises a snow-clad peak, far away, above all others. Although it is less than two hundred miles from Vancouver, no one had even sighted it until 1922, so wild is the district in which it lies. Mount Mystery, as it was called, turned out to be the loftiest peak in Canada. No explorer has yet attained its highest summit, but Wing Commander Beauman, one of the mountaineers who conquered Kamet, tells how the Coast Range close to the mountain was crossed for the first time

To most of those who have visited the great port of Vancouver the present narrative must read like a fantastic fairy story. Nevertheless it is a fact that within a short distance of that skyscraped city there lies a vast region of fine peaks, great glaciers, snowfields and forests as yet practically unknown—a country such as Switzerland must have been many thousands of years ago. Of course, it has been known for a long time that a high wall of rock named the Coast Range runs in a north-westerly direction, almost on the edge of the Pacific, from near Vancouver up to Alaska; but information about it, until recent years, has been very slight.

In 1922 Captain R. P. Bishop climbed Mt. Good Hope (10,670 ft.) near Bute Inlet and reported that he had seen and photographed two high peaks to the northward, one of which he believed to be higher than Mt. Robson (12,972 ft.), the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. It was not until 1926, however, that Don Mun-day, a Vancouver mountaineer, put an end to speculation by confirming the existence of Mt. Mystery (Mt. Waddington) and proving that it rose to a height of 13,260 feet.

Since that time a certain amount of exploration has been carried out in the Waddington *massif*, nearly all from the Pacific side. A few peaks have been climbed, a few glaciers explored and one or two passes discovered, but an immense amount still remains to be done. The main reason for the neglect of this magnifi-

cent region would seem to be its extreme inaccessibility from all sides.

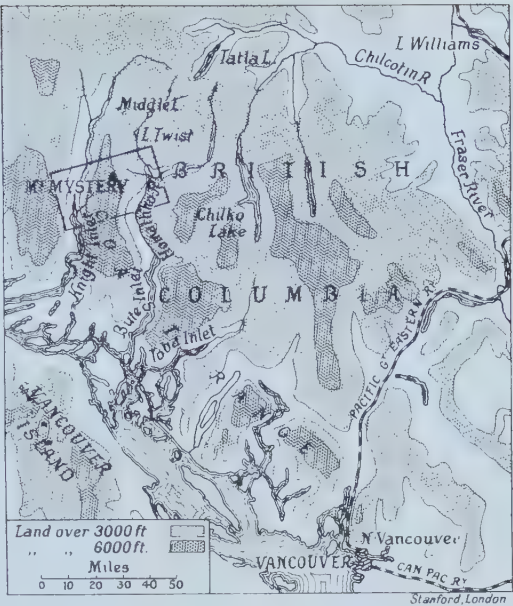
In the summer of 1931 Sir Norman J. Watson was so impressed by the glowing accounts he had heard of the Waddington Group that he determined to try and see it for himself. Starting from Tatla Lake on the Chilcotin plateau, he and his companions got within about twenty-five miles of the main peaks and glaciers of the range, which they saw stretching north and south in an unbroken line, except at one point where a long glacier (Scimitar Glacier) led towards a col (Fury Gap—about 9000 ft.). On the further side of this pass they knew that the 25-miles-long Franklin Glacier must wind towards Knight Inlet on the Pacific.

To Watson it seemed that if a crossing of the range could be made, it might be by this glacier and pass from the north-east; that ski might prove very valuable for traversing the immense snowfields and glaciers he had seen; and that the snow would be in the best condition in the spring. It was not, however, until nearly three years later that he was able to put his theories into practice.

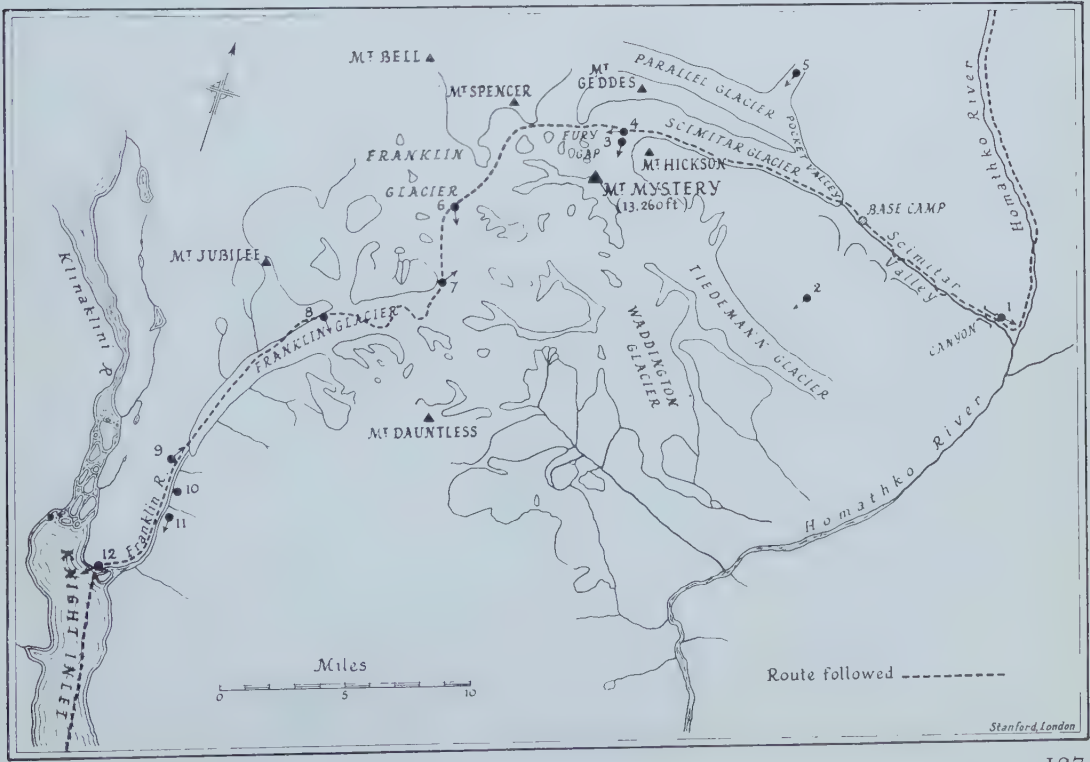
Before leaving England in February 1934, he sought the advice of the very few people who knew anything about the district. They gave him much valuable information, but at the same time strongly advised that the attempt should be abandoned on account of the stormy weather at that season; the difficulties of the densely wooded Homathko Valley and Scimitar Canyon, the only approach to Scimitar Glacier; and the dangers

of the yet unclimbed Fury Gap and the heavily crevassed Franklin Glacier.

Nevertheless March 14, 1934, saw us assembled at Graham's Ranch, Tatla Lake, the last habitation in that part of the world. The ski party consisted of Sir Norman Watson; Clifford White, a Canadian well known as a ski pioneer in the Rockies; Camille Couttet, an experienced Chamonix guide; and myself. E. J. King was responsible for the supplies and Pete McCormick, a local trapper who knew the district near the north-eastern approaches and had been with Watson in 1931, was in charge of the ponies and camps and the route-finding during the first part of the journey. Before starting we were joined by three other local 'packers'. At Tatla Lake we spent three days awaiting our heavy stores and making final preparations, which owing to the length and precariousness of our lines of communication were nearly as comprehensive as those required for a Himalayan expedition.



The area of the map below is shown by the rectangle on the map above. The numbers correspond to those noted against certain illustrations. The arrows indicate the point from which, and direction in which, each photograph was taken





All photographs by Wing Commander Beauman

It took the expedition five days to fight its way through the Homathko Valley

On March 18 the cavalcade of twenty-one ponies set out down the 50-mile Homathko Valley in glorious spring weather. Despite the snow on the ground, the first day's going was fairly good. Above us rose Whitesaddle and Razorback, the sentinels of the Coast Range, and on all sides of us we saw the trails of wild animals, chiefly moose and deer, with occasionally those of coyote and cougar. On the second day the valley suddenly narrowed to a bottle-neck, the way became rough and the snowdrifts deep. It was soon necessary for three men to go ahead, two with woodmen's axes and one with a shovel, to hack and dig a way through for the pack train. From time to time we had to cross and recross the deep and swollen Homathko River and to plough a way through swamps. But the trees were our real enemy—trees of all sorts, sizes and descriptions. The tangled masses of old trees, young trees, rotten trees, Douglas firs, Jack pines, balsam, spruce, poplar,

willow and birch became an obsession with us; trees when we awoke, trees all day long, trees at night.

Nevertheless, on the fourth day we reached the beautiful little Lake Twist. Here we had a grim reminder that we were already in the midst of a wild and savage country, for on its sandy shores we saw the fresh tracks of a pack of timber wolves which had been chasing a moose. Soon after this we would hear the wolves howling round our camps at night.

On all sides now rose fine snow and granite peaks, unknown and unnamed, and at the end of the fifth day we arrived at the foot of Scimitar Valley, where we were to turn west. Five days of continuous snow blizzard set in at this point. It was a dreary, cold and depressing time. One of Pete's packers shot a young bull moose, and we saw the tracks of bear.

When the weather cleared there were more than 2 feet of fresh snow on the ground, and it was obviously impossible to



*These exquisite little Lake
Twist is reminiscent of a
scene in the Engadine*



*This 10,000-foot peak op-
posite Scimitar Valley is yet
unnamed (Map reference 1)*



Above: *In this valley opposite the Base Camp the figure is no more than 4000 feet above sea-level (Map reference 2)*
Below: *An icefall from the north-east slopes of Mount Mystery at the head of Scimitar Glacier (Map reference 3)*





Fury Gap is approached by a 2000-foot wall of ice and snow (Map reference 4)

take the ponies up the steep Scimitar Canyon. From now on all the supplies and stores had to be manhandled, but despite the thick trees and heavy snow-drifts we reached the open valley, 1000 feet above, a day or two later. Eight miles beyond the canyon and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the tongue of the Scimitar Glacier we pitched our base camp. Here, on April 2, three of the ski party—Watson, Couttet and I—established ourselves at a height of about 3000 feet.

Scimitar Glacier rises steeply for the first few hundred feet and then curves round by gentle slopes with a rise of 3000 feet in 11 miles in the direction of Fury Gap. On either side of it great rock, snow and ice peaks rise sheer for several thousand feet, equalling in beauty anything to be found in the Alps.

A first attempt to ascend the glacier was foiled by clouds and bad skiing conditions. On the next occasion five hours' climbing

from the base camp took us to within a mile or two of Fury Gap, the lowest point on the ridge between Mt. Mystery and Mt. Spencer (11,000 ft.). Leading to it was an extremely evil-looking slope of steep ice and snow, over 2000 feet high, and liable to be swept by stones and ice-falls. Only under the best conditions could it be considered at all safe. In fact, so little did we like the look of it that we decided to use it only as a last resort and during the next few days to try and find another way over the range. So, on April 7, we set out in the direction of a quaint little valley known as Pocket Valley, about 3 miles from the camp. About 8 miles up a long glacier running parallel with Scimitar Glacier in the next valley we reached a point some 9000 feet high. For the first time we had a view of the summit of Mt. Mystery and its wonderful north-east icy slopes. From this side it looked completely unclimbable.



This magnificent panorama of the Waddington Massif was t

Next day we again went to Pocket Valley on ski and found our way up to a little pass, over 7000 feet high, to the north. Above us towered magnificent aiguilles, while far away below lay a wooded unnamed valley which may in future years prove an easier means of access to the Waddington Group. But for our purpose of finding a way to the Franklin Glacier it was of no value.

Time was getting on and we reluctantly decided that an attempt must be made on Fury Gap. With this object Couttet, King and the packer Munn set out on April 12

to establish a small light camp at a height of above 6200 feet, at the head of Scimitar Glacier near the foot of Mt. Mystery and Fury Gap. The snow was at its worst and their task proved a very hard one. On the morning of Friday the 13th, Watson, Clifford White, Couttet and I proceeded to this camp on ski and the two latter set out to examine the slope up to Fury Gap at close quarters. The snow for once was in excellent condition and we managed to cut steps for about a third of the way up before nightfall.

Three of us set off at dawn next day



above Pocket Valley at a height of 7200 feet (Map reference 5)

while Clifford White, who had been feeling a strained knee, remained in camp to take photographs and rest. Beyond the point reached on the previous afternoon the slope steepened considerably and Couttet had much hard step-cutting to do before we arrived at a *bergschrund* which very nearly defeated us. However, after an hour or so of hard work we managed to hoist ourselves and our stores above its upper lip. Three hundred feet higher and we found ourselves on the top of the Divide. After dumping seven days' food supplies among the rocks we walked over a small snow-

field to examine the other side of the pass. First came a steep snow and ice slope for a few hundred feet, and then the Franklin Glacier, winding in a great ice stream towards the Pacific. It was heart-breaking to have to return to camp again in order to collect our ski and the remainder of the stores.

Early next morning Couttet came to our tent swearing volubly. There was no need to ask why; clouds were nearly down to the camp and it was starting to snow. There was nothing for it but to make a hurried descent to the base camp and hope that



The upper plateau of the Franklin Glacier looks like a snowfield in the Arctic (Map reference 6)

the weather would eventually clear. Whatever happened now, we had at least set foot on the other side of the range.

For two days the storm raged fiercely, but the 17th found us once again on Scimitar Glacier. This time King and three packers accompanied us carrying warm clothing, sleeping-bags and hot drinks. On arrival at the high camp we had a serious blow. Clifford White's knee was troubling him badly, and it was decided that it would be unwise for him to go any further. The ski party, already numerically weak, was thus reduced by a quarter.

The next morning dawned red and there were a few rather ominous clouds about. Nevertheless the ski party set out on their long journey. King and the packers accompanied us, carrying the heavy loads up the slope until it became necessary to put on the rope. The sight of the ski party

arriving at the crest of the ridge was the signal for the others on the glacier below to dismantle all camps immediately and return to Vancouver with all possible speed.

After descending the steep little Fury Glacier on crampons for a few hundred feet, we reached the immense upper plateau of the Franklin Glacier. In every direction stretched vast glaciers and white snowfields surmounted by rocky peaks, and the party soon began to feel that they were the sole inhabitants of some lost and frozen world. While on the other side of the range we had been irresistibly reminded of the Alps, the scenery now became truly Arctic in nature.

After a while the great western rock face of Mt. Mystery, only 3 or 4 miles distant, came into view. The summit rocks were thickly coated with snow and ice, and ascent under such conditions would be quite out of the question. Even at the best



*A pause for a cup of tea above the first icefall. Mount Mystery is seen in the background
(Map reference 7)*

of times this magnificent peak will always be a very severe problem for the mountaineer.

We had put on our ski, but the snow was wet and soft and instead of sliding down the gentle slopes we plodded painfully along in the intense heat and glare of the midday sun. The contrast of temperature between day and night in this region is very striking. The 8-mile plateau of the glacier seemed endless, but at about three in the afternoon we reached the first steep icefall, where it became necessary to leave the glacier and skirt it by a side slope of rock and snow. Here we rested for a short while and made a little tea under the shadow of Mystery Mountain.

The side slopes, for a wonder, provided some quite good skiing for a time, but we had to proceed with extreme caution as

the slightest mishap at this stage would have been disastrous. In addition to the heavy food supplies, we were carrying a tent, a 120-foot rope, a large woodman's axe for cutting down trees, Meta fuel, medical outfits, two ice axes and four ski sticks, and when one fell in the soft snow with such a load it was not easy to get up again.

Eventually we were able to take to the main glacier stream once more. As it gradually steepened, we found ourselves threading our way through a maze of broad crevasses, and we had to rope. It was obvious we were approaching the second great icefall. We had been going for over twelve hours and night was drawing on, so we decided to camp beside the glacier.

The next morning dawned fine and



The second icefall of the Franklin Glacier (Map reference 8)



*The snout of the 25-mile Franklin Glacier is only eight miles from the sea and 500 feet above it
(Map reference 9)*

clear, and we made another early start. In order to turn the icefall we had to do some interesting rock-scrabbling, again carrying our ski, but after three-quarters of an hour were able to regain the glacier. Then, for nearly the first time during the journey, the snow was hard and frozen and the skiing good, and we accomplished the last 8 miles of ice in a very short time. The snow lasted until near the snout of the glacier, only 500 feet above sea level, which we reached at 7.30 in the morning. The party began to feel that their troubles were nearly ended; that by nightfall they would be sleeping again in real beds and for the first time in five weeks having a hot bath. Little did we know the difficulties which still lay ahead of us!

From the end of Franklin Glacier the river flows for 8 miles towards Knight Inlet. On each side rise steep hills, some 3000 feet high, thickly covered with trees

and underbrush. For the first two miles it was possible to follow the rocky shore of the glacier torrent, but then the inevitable canyon forced us up into the wooded slopes. At this point we decided to abandon the ski. Up till now they had been of immense value, but after this they could only be a serious hindrance.

Before long we found ourselves in the middle of a fantastic forest of immense Douglas firs, through which it became increasingly difficult to force a way. In and out, up and down through the dense undergrowth we zigzagged, making but little progress along the steep hillside. For hour after hour we struggled on, hardly knowing in which direction we were going, when suddenly the trees thinned and to our relief we found ourselves on the further side of the canyon and were able to regain the river-bed. Our hopes again ran high that we would reach the inlet that night, but



The heavily laden skiers rest for a few minutes on the moraine (Map reference 10)

another canyon intervened and drove us back into the woods. We were now on the side of the last high hill; beyond it lay the water. As we approached the sea the brush became thicker and thicker. We struggled wearily through it, but, soon after dusk had fallen, we suddenly came upon a wall of rock. Further progress was impossible and in the darkness we had to plunge down again to the river-shore. Here we were greeted by swarms of hungry tiger mosquitoes, and to avoid them waded through the ice-cold water of the river to a sand-bank. We had been going hard for fourteen hours and the moment we reached dry ground we threw down the tent and lay upon it to try and rest. On one side of us rushed the fast-flowing Franklin River and on the other an apparently impassable rock wall. Must we retrace our steps through the tangled forest in an attempt to find a new route to the sea, when through the trees, only a

quarter of a mile distant, Knight Inlet, our goal, gleamed in the moonlight?

But next morning the mountains seemed to have tired of their jest, and by keeping close to the river we were able to force a way through the last 400 yards in an hour and a half. Beyond the last of the trees the calm blue waters of the inlet mirrored the snowy mountains and the green forest, whilst from its surface hundreds of great white gulls rose screaming at our approach. More wonderful still, a short way out a motor-boat lay at anchor, which had been awaiting us for five days.

As the little boat chugged its way peacefully down the great inlet, we turned to take one last farewell of our Valley of Adventure. While we gazed, the great trees guarding its entrance seemed to press more closely together, and once more Mt. Mystery was left to brood in peace over its wild ice kingdom, inhabited only by the wolves and bears.



These dense and trackless forests proved a formidable obstacle to the party's passage down the Franklin River (Map reference 11)



Journey's end. The party reaches Knight Inlet and sights the waiting motor-boat, its first contact with civilization for five weeks (Map reference 12)

IVIZA

Notes and Photographs by HAZEN SISE

IVIZA is the smallest of the three islands forming the Balearic group. It lies about fifty miles south-west of Majorca, which is the largest of the archipelago and is much the most spectacular both scenically and historically. Minorca, the third island, with its magnificent harbour of Mahon, has a place in British naval history which every schoolboy will remember. By attracting the flow of events to themselves, these two larger islands have helped to preserve Iviza as a primitive backwater where an indigenous Mediterranean culture still flourishes almost untouched by the outside world.

The successive hierarchies of the Mediterranean have swept over it. Iberians, Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Moors and finally Catalonians in turn held sovereignty but only the Moors and Catalonians have left much mark. The Moors, in their day, were a civilized people and had a profound influence on all cultures with which they came in contact. The Catalonians have dominated the island since the 13th century. The language is a Catalan *patois* and the culture is Catalanian in its more superficial aspects. In architecture, music and folklore, however, the influence of the Moors is still felt though they were ejected in 1229. The virility of this tradition is such that the architecture of the *fincas* or farmhouses has not lost purity during the intervening centuries, and its clean simplicity and subtlety of proportion reminds us that it is the ancient classic ideal which is emerging from the 'functional' reinforced concrete architecture of today. The wheel has, perhaps, turned full circle, for recent research points to the Ivizan *fincas* as a prototype of the classic European house.

The name of the island is also that of the only town and principal harbour. From the water the buildings soar up—a Mediterranean Quebec—terraced in fortifications and punctuated by the Cathedral watch-tower at the topmost 'acropolis' level. In startling contrast to Majorca, the houses are white. Their clean geometry betrays the Moorish influence which is so fundamental to the culture-pattern (and also the facial-pattern!) of the island.

Iviza, the town, is fascinating, as the photographs may indicate; but the architectural glory of the island lies in the *fincas* and in the village churches. The Moors introduced the terraced system of cultivation and the *fincas*, scattered over the hilly landscape—tranquil after the drama of Majorca—are usually set at the top of a series of these terraces planted with fig or olive. An unruly piratical tradition (which still persists as a passion for smuggling) disturbed the island even as late as the 19th century, and the idea of defence must always have entered most strongly into the calculations of the builders. The churches, in fact, were deliberately built as havens for defence against pirates as well as offence against the devil, and are nearly all fortified. San Antonio Abad has a great crenellated tower and San Miguel is fronted by a high-walled courtyard.

Iviza is one of the few remaining spots on earth where a classic culture of great beauty and great simplicity lingers on with hardly a jarring note to mark the centuries of external change.

ical of most Ivizan villages, that of San José consists
y of a few houses grouped around its great church.





Above: the pitch examples of the lower room
recalling the black and white of the
the "Cathedral" - "Spencer" - "The
crowded by the "Cathedral" and the "Cathedral"
- 1910 - 1910 -



Hot sun and cool water in line of the steep, narrow streets of the lower town.



Although built as late as the eighteenth century, the church of San José maintains the traditional purity and sensitive massing of Ibizan architecture.



placed on a tile, at the top of a series of terraces.
The loggia, supported by a single column and set in
the angle of the L-shaped building, is an almost
universal feature.

The very "modern" house, with its living room, kitchen, master bedroom, and great room, represents the various pattern of life in building it has a
excellent & modern "functional" house in reinforced concrete.





The crowd of 5000 that gathered the day after the election in the town of...
When the crowd was finally with the crowd, the crowd was...
the crowd of 5000 that gathered the day after the election in the town of...



The windmills stand in a row along the waterfront behind the town.

Flying to India. I.

by Wing Commander A. R. COOPER

How many of those who are borne at ever-increasing speeds along the air route to India appreciate to the full that beneath them lies the cradle of our civilization? Wing Commander Cooper, in a series of four articles, will describe the latest developments in connection with this air route and, after tracing briefly its course as far as Alexandria, will give a detailed picture of each of the historic sites on the way through the Middle East

CONSIDERING that the first aeroplane flight made by man took place little more than thirty years ago, the development of aviation has been truly remarkable. The rapid strides for which the Great War was largely responsible were limited to Service aeroplanes, but after the War it was obvious that the lessons learnt could and must be applied to civil aviation. During the subsequent few years there was intense activity in the way of long-range flights and the surveying of arterial routes. The Atlantic was flown several times (the first non-stop crossing was made by British pilots in 1919), and Australia was reached in 124 hours in 1924 (72 hours was the total time from London to Melbourne in October 1934). Each proved a milestone on the road of discovery and development. At first converted war-time machines were used, but in 1923 more serious consideration was given to the development of air traffic to the Continent. One of the results was the amalgamation of the operating companies then in existence and the formation of Imperial Airways, who, in addition to daily services to Paris, now have regular services to Australia and the Cape.

The K.L.M. (Dutch Air Lines), founded in 1919, runs a daily service from London to all the more important cities of Europe, and has established a 9000-miles air route from Amsterdam to Batavia in the Dutch East Indies. Air France, the name given to the amalgamated French air lines, also runs daily services between London, Paris and other European capitals, as well as to North Africa, and a weekly service to Saigon in French Indo-China.

Safety has increased enormously, and

to-day it is safer to fly than to cross a busy London street — beacons and all. It should be borne in mind, however, that aviation is still in its infancy and its activities will increase by leaps and bounds in the next few years. The aeronautical journals and the newspapers are constantly announcing some new project, and he who would forecast the position ten years hence would be a bold man.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIFFICULTIES

To the casual observer it would seem that aeroplanes are free to fly anywhere and are therefore not hampered by the obstacles which railways and shipping encounter. This is not quite true, as companies operating aircraft have their own geographical difficulties corresponding to those experienced by the operators of land and sea transport.

To remain in the air aeroplanes must have regular supplies of fuel, and if a long distance is to be covered a supply of petrol sufficient to keep the engines going for that distance must be carried, with a consequent sacrifice in the load of passengers and mail. It is more economical, therefore, to land at regular intervals, and for practical purposes it may be taken that about 400 miles is the most economical distance between stops. This consideration rules out routes on which aerodromes cannot be provided at these intervals; moreover, aerodromes must be so situated as to ensure the easy supply of petrol and oil and convenient access to local traffic.

From a pay-load point of view air-line operators will naturally establish refuelling points at places of commercial importance



The Aeroplane

All aboard! Passengers embarking at Croydon for India might see any of the following air views

to cater for short- as well as long-distance traffic. The possibility of a forced landing, although remote with modern multi-engined machines, must always be borne in mind, and it is therefore necessary in laying out an air route to consider the facilities for reaching a machine by means of land or water transport.

High mountains are an obstacle in the sense that power and time are taken to reach the altitude necessary to clear them, and if great heights are to be reached, say 15,000 feet, pay-load is reduced and passengers are likely to suffer from cold. The weather in mountainous country is liable to sudden changes, and the pilot will encounter difficulties not experienced in flat country.

A cross-wind will drift an aeroplane off its course, and, if a pilot is flying for some time above the clouds with no visible landmarks on the ground, he can only allow for

it by knowing from his weather reports the strength and direction of the wind at varying heights. For this reason deserts and open sea present navigational difficulties. To a large extent wireless direction-finding, whereby a pilot is told his position in the air, enables him to overcome this difficulty, and increasing use is being made of what is known as the 'homing' device, which gives him a definite bearing to his terminal aerodrome instead of his position in relation to places *en route*. With the aid of his wireless the pilot of an air liner can maintain constant contact with ground stations, and the control officers at the terminal aerodromes know very accurately the position of every machine in the air.

Another aid to navigation in 'dirty' weather is 'blind' or instrument flying, whereby a pilot can fly without a visible horizon. All air-line pilots are now re-

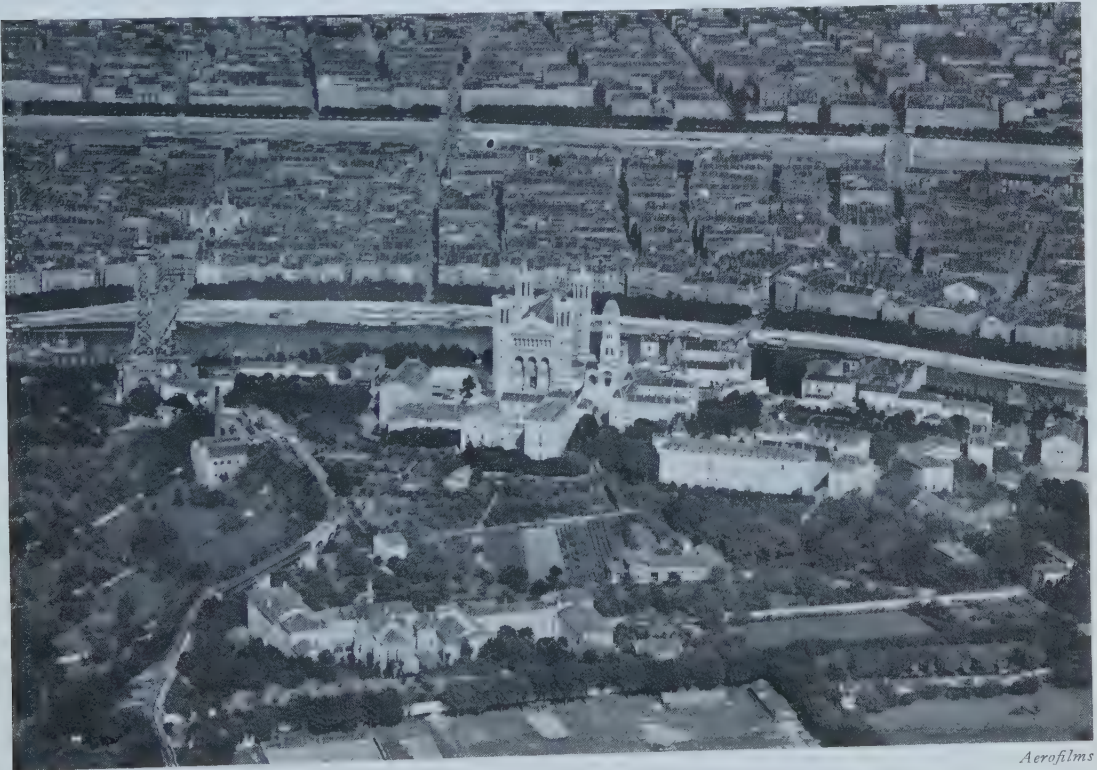
quired to qualify in this branch of navigation. Normally a pilot flies in relation to the visible horizon, but in periods of bad or no visibility he can maintain a reasonably accurate course and height by flying solely with instruments, and with the aid of wireless can check his position. By means of his instruments alone a pilot can take off and fly in or above the clouds or fog, but aids to his landing in periods of no visibility are not yet perfect. To effect a successful landing there must be a certain amount of visibility; hence the necessity for knowing the weather conditions at his destination. At Croydon and Le Bourget, the terminal aerodrome for Paris, controlled zones have been established which no aeroplane is allowed to enter without permission during periods of bad visibility, and as the Government Control Officer knows the position of every machine, what-

ever its nationality, he can control the landing of each.

In addition, the Air Ministry provides a highly efficient meteorological service. Before a pilot starts on his journey he knows exactly what weather he is likely to meet along his route. During the flight he can always call for a weather report and find out what the weather conditions are at his destination. Over long distances it is not yet possible to forecast weather conditions with absolute accuracy, and this is another point in favour of restricting each stage to a few hundred miles. Generally speaking, an air route should follow an area of good weather, so as to avoid interruptions in the regularity of the time-table.

POLITICAL DIFFICULTIES

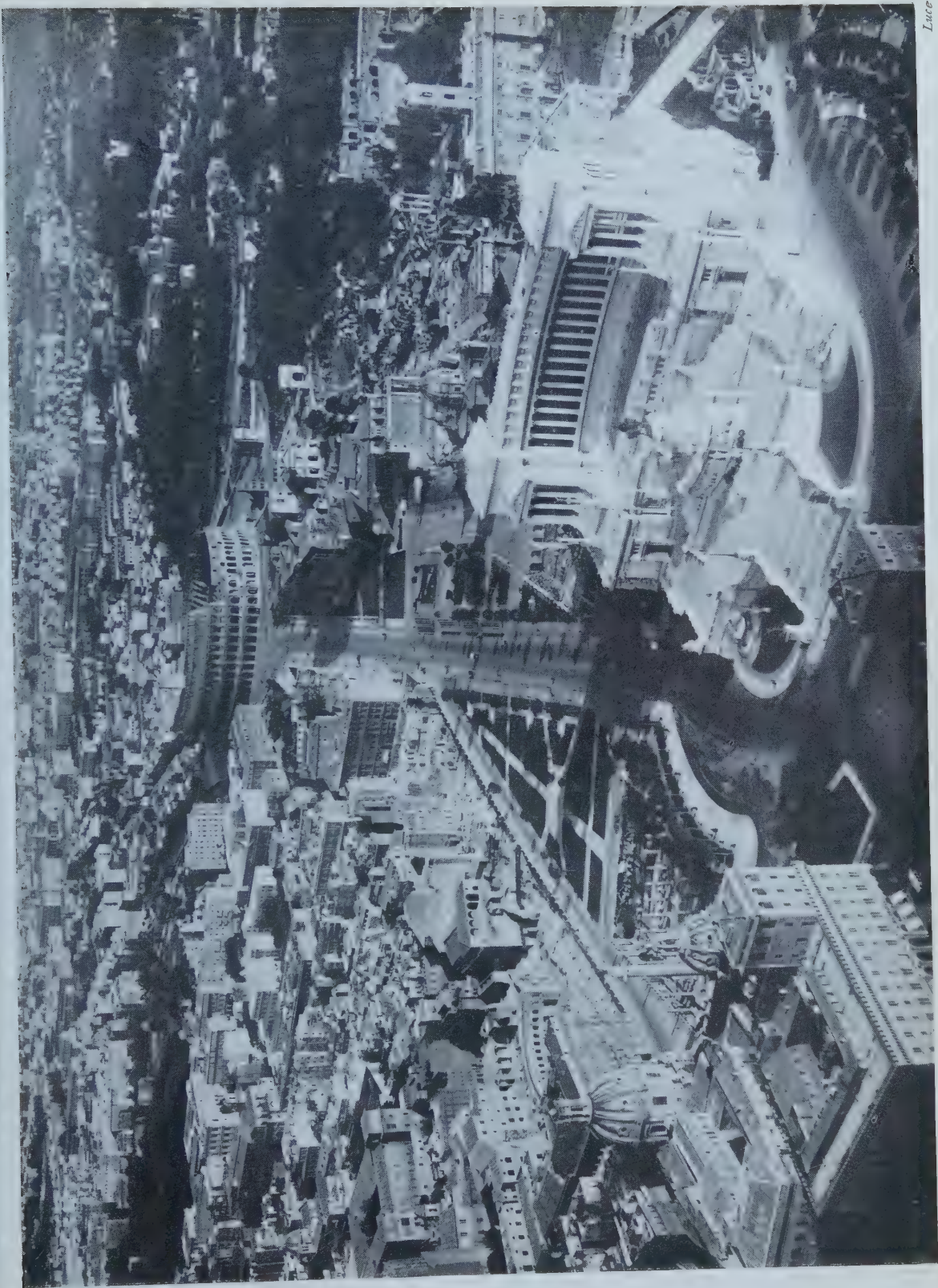
Long-distance flying is affected by political as well as geographical considerations.



Lyons, where the Rhône makes a curious loop through the city. In the centre is the Cathedral, mostly 13th-century work



The largest church in the world, St. Peter's at Rome. Behind and to the right is the Vatican and in front the Piazza San Pietro



Luce

Rome ancient and modern. In the foreground rises the Victor Emmanuel Monument and beyond it a new highway leads to the Colosseum

In 1919 a 'Convention relating to the Regulation of Aerial Navigation' was signed by the Allied Powers, and since then other air conferences have been held for the purpose of amending it. At the moment thirty states are parties to the Convention.

Very briefly the present position of air services in international law is that:

- (1) Each state has complete sovereignty over the air above its territory and territorial waters.
- (2) No air service can be established without the permission of the states over which it wishes to pass.

In 1926 Imperial Airways had arranged to start a service from Cairo to Karachi, but permission to fly over Persian territory was refused until 1929, when the difficulty was overcome by the grant of an authorization for three years. Two short extensions were granted, but the Company, realizing that unless the Persian Government gave an indefinite extension they would have to change their route, prepared a survey of a route along the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf. This route presented several advantages over the Persian route—incidentally following that used by the R.A.F. It was brought into operation in October 1933 and is now their regular route to India.

It was not only in Persia that difficulties were encountered in the operation of the England-India route. The Italian Government would not agree to Imperial Airways entering Italy from France along the coast and, as it was not commercially practicable to fly over the Alps, the Company made use of the train service to Brindisi. In December 1934, however, permission was granted to fly across Italian territory, and, now that the necessary arrangements have been made with the French Government also, there is an 'all-air' route across Europe, as from April 28. This will duplicate but not supersede the existing Imperial service by rail to Brindisi.

FLYING TIMES AND GENERAL CONDITIONS

The three air lines running services to and beyond India have different timetables for their summer and winter schedules. The following particulars refer to their operations during the winter.

Apart from daily departures to the Continent, Imperial Airways have a twice-weekly service to India (five days) and to the Cape (nine days), and a weekly service to Australia (twelve days). In addition to their daily services to most of the nearer European capitals, the K.L.M. machines leave Amsterdam once a week and arrive in Batavia in the Dutch East Indies eight days later. Air France carry passengers from London to Paris the first day, giving those going further east free accommodation in Paris for one night on the outward journey. Ten days is allotted to the Far East weekly service to French Indo-China.

Generally speaking, the conditions of travel are much the same on all three air lines. A reasonable amount of baggage is carried free; a concession is made for return fares; children are carried at reduced rates; and surface transport to and from the terminal aerodromes is provided free. On Imperial Airways the accident insurance rates for air travel are now the same as for surface transport, and for the convenience of passengers using the Empire services this company has a system of currency coupons which can be exchanged for their equivalent value in local currency at their depots or at the hotels used by them. Certain countries impose restrictions regarding inoculation and vaccination, firearms, wireless apparatus and cameras, particulars of which can be obtained from the offices of the three companies.

THE FUTURE

In December 1934 the Under-Secretary of State for Air announced the details of a far-reaching scheme for the development of Empire communications. The scheme, which is provisional, depending for its



Luce

Above: *The main crater of Vesuvius, still ready to loose the forces of destruction which nearly 2000 years ago overwhelmed Pompeii (below)*



Luce



Ministry of Communications, Athens

The Acropolis at Athens, with the Parthenon in the centre. In front on the left is the Odeon of Herodes Atticus; above it the Propylaea, and on the right the Theatre of Dionysius

realization on the willing co-operation and support of all the Governments concerned, contained the following three main features:

- A very material improvement on present time schedules between the several parts of the Empire concerned.
- A substantial increase in the frequency of services.
- All first-class mail to the Empire countries covered by the projected services to be carried by air.

This scheme gives a schedule of just over two days to India; two and a half days to East Africa; four days to the Cape; four days to Singapore, and seven days to Australia. Provision is made for four, or possibly five, services a week to India,

three a week to Singapore and East Africa, and two each to South Africa and Australia.

It will be some two years before the scheme can be brought into full operation, one of the reasons being the need to equip the routes with lighting, wireless and meteorological stations. The Under-Secretary said that acceleration such as the Government contemplated could only be brought about by more night flying. On certain sections the air liners already start before dawn or arrive after dark. In future they may fly through the night, and, as the new types of air liners will have sleeping accommodation, there will be no objection on the part of the passengers to this method of improving the schedules. It will have the advantage of giving faster communication without resort to



Aerofilms

Approaching Alexandria. The airport is on the right side of the harbour

high cruising speeds, which are still expensive.

Even before this announcement was made the Government of India had approved a scheme for the expenditure of well over £500,000 on ground organization. This will take some three years to complete, but when it is finished India should be in possession of the best-equipped air route in the world.

At the end of January representatives of the Air Ministry and Post Office left London for India, Siam, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand to discuss with the Dominions and Colonies along the route the proposal to send all first-class mail by air without surcharge, and the provision of the capital outlay necessary to establish facilities for night as well as day flying.

LONDON TO ALEXANDRIA

On a flying map the course is usually shown as a straight line from point to point, but very often the pilot, owing to weather conditions, does not follow this course strictly, and the passenger may sometimes be a little disappointed to find that he is not passing over places which appear from the map to be on the route.

One of the features which will strike him most after crossing the English Channel is the absence of hedges. While Surrey, Kent and Sussex resemble a many-coloured mosaic with their quaintly-shaped fields bordered by roads and hedges, northern France looks like a flat plain with large fields divided by narrow ditches.

After leaving Paris, the first large city to be passed is Lyons (260 miles). Lyons,

one of the world's chief centres of silk manufacture, is the second city of France in industrial importance and the third in population. From Lyons the route generally followed is down the Rhône Valley as far as Montélimar, famous for the manufacture of nougat, whence the course leaves the river and heads direct for Marseilles (425 miles from Paris).

There are several routes from Marseilles to Italy. That to be followed by Imperial Airways will be to Brindisi by way of Rome. The Italians run a flying-boat service to Genoa, while Air France takes the direct route over Corsica to Naples, then on to Malta and the African coast or, on the Far East route, to Athens.

Passengers are not likely to see much of the Riviera, since it is off the direct route and, even were it not, certain parts of it are prohibited areas with a 3-mile limit within which aircraft may not fly.

Rome, with an excellent view of the Cathedral of St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, and the Colosseum, will probably be seen, and passengers are likely to get a unique aerial view of Vesuvius with the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum at its foot.

A stretch of the Adriatic has to be crossed between Brindisi and Corfu off the

coast of Greece, with the Albanian mountains to the north, and from there on to Athens the journey is full of interest. Rugged mountains rise in places to some 6500 feet, and in passing over the Gulf of Corinth many names on the map will serve to recall events in classical history. Athens from the air, with the Acropolis standing out prominently, is a sight which will long linger in the memory.

Between Athens and Alexandria we pass first over the Cyclades, the principal group of islands in the Greek archipelago, so called because they surround the sacred island of Delos, the legendary birthplace of Apollo.

Next we come to Crete, the cradle of the pre-Greek or Aegean civilization, which had its centre at Cnossos. The highest point in the range of mountains which runs the whole length of the island is the sacred Mount Ida (8000 ft.), in a cave on which Zeus was said to have been brought up. A landing is made at Mirabella for petrol and refreshments on the small Imperial Airways' yacht anchored in the harbour.

Four hours' flying from Mirabella brings us within sight of the African shore and the great port to which Alexander gave his name.

The Turkomans of Persia

By MARK DINELEY

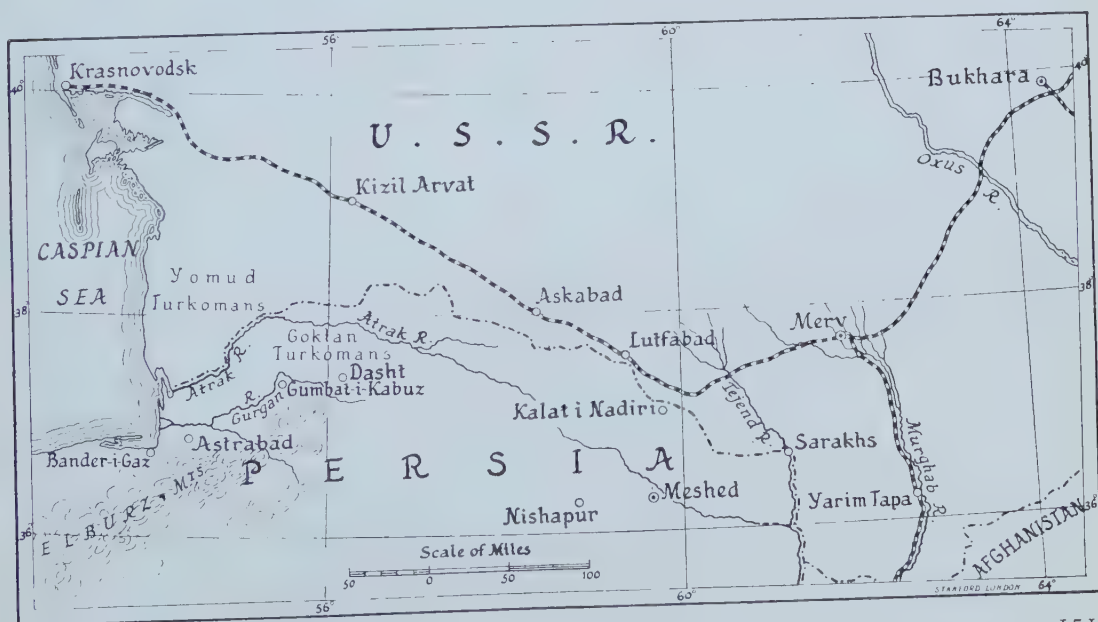
The nomad's independent mode of life has never endeared him to the representatives of settled authority. On both sides of the Russo-Persian frontier the Turkoman tribesmen are subjected to constant governmental pressure; but their spirit is not yet broken and they still display their ancient virtues—courage, dignity and love of freedom—to those rare travellers who, like Mr. Dineley, venture among them without official escort

THIS article does not attempt to deal fully with the whole ethnological group known as Turkomans. These nomads and semi-nomads range over a wide area roughly rectangular, bounded on the west by the Caspian Sea, from Astrabad to Krasnovodsk, on the south by a line drawn from Astrabad through Askabad, Kalat, and Sarakhs to Yarim Tapa, on the east by the Murghab River, and on the north by the deserts of Transcaspia. The northern boundary varies according to the state of the grazing and may on occasion touch the Oxus River.

It will be seen that this territory lies partly within the frontiers of two countries, Russia and Persia, so that anyone wishing to travel throughout the territory of the Turkomans would have to be

equipped with visas, passports and letters of introduction granted by the Governments of both countries. Even supposing that he obtained these, his hosts would undoubtedly insist that he should take a police escort; which, as is the way of such encumbrances, would never want to go the way he wanted to go, and would have the effect of causing any Turkomans who were met with to assume a strained best-behaviour manner quite unnatural to them. The only alternative is to go in disguise as Vambéry did. This, however, not only entails great skill and preparation, but also precludes the taking of notes and photographs.

I confined myself to Persian Turkistan, since Persia was, at the time of my journey, the easier country of the two to enter.





Mark Dineley

The author's caravan on the march through the hills bounding the Turkoman plain



Mark Dineley

Oak woods in the hills, where primroses and bluebells heighten the resemblance to an English scene

I managed to avoid the embarrassment of a police escort and I went by a little-known route. The second alternative, of travelling in disguise, I did not adopt, since I felt myself incapable of carrying it off. I knew, however, that Mr. Hare, our consul in Meshed *circa* 1900, and Mr. Kenyon, consul in Seistan *circa* 1906, had both been in the Turkoman country, and from their books they seemed to have had no trouble whatsoever. I came to the conclusion that as it had already been done twice it could perfectly well be done again, an assumption that was fully borne out by the event.

My caravan consisted of a Persian cook, five pack horses and their drivers, hired for the occasion, and a saddle horse bought on the way. The equipment differed in no way from that which is usually carried

on such trips, though I took the precaution of buying a good Cossack saddle in Teheran before I left. This saddle had a horse-hair cushion on the seat, and it was almost impossible for the rider to fall out of it. Arms were carried, and they proved most useful as a topic of conversation, since the Turkoman is a great lover of weapons.

Persia to most people means a high arid plateau, with an occasional patch of green where a spring has been used for irrigation, but between the Elburz Mountains and the Caspian Sea there is a narrow strip of heavily forested country, dank and malarial. Precipitation of atmospheric moisture takes place here, and to a lesser degree over the plain at the south-east corner of the Caspian, with the result that the plain between the River Atrak and the hills to the south enjoys a climate very



Robert Byron

The Tower at Gumbat-i-Kabuz, erected in A.D. 1007, is a masterpiece of Persian architecture. Nearly 200 feet high, it is built of fine golden-buff bricks and is supported by ten right-angled buttresses

similar to that of the plains of Hungary and Rumania. The hills themselves are covered with vegetation, though it is not so dense as that due south of the Caspian. The climate at a certain altitude is very like that of England, and the oak trees, the primroses and the bluebells make for similarity of appearance.

The rich plain is the home inherited by the Turkoman nomads who, although the soil is adapted for extensive cultivation, content themselves with stock raising. It is cause of wonder that this part of Persia, certainly the richest and, judging from the ruins, once the most thickly populated, receives so very little mention in books of history and travel. The reason is the Turkoman himself, who until quite recently has been able to discourage any inquirers. There are no good maps of the territory, and the interesting ruins, the chief of which are the tower at Gumbat-i-Kabuz and the miniature great wall of China, sometimes called Alexander's Barrier (though it was probably built later to defend the plain from marauders from the north), are almost unknown.

The country has always been considered Persian, though before the War there was a post of Cossacks at Gumbat-i-Kabuz, and a small Russian naval post at Bander-i-Gaz. Since the War the area has come more under Persian control. When the present Shah placed himself on the throne of Persia the Turkomans rose against him and the so-called Turkoman War was fought. This long-drawn-out and little-known struggle resulted in the defeat of the Turkomans, and some semblance of law and order is now enforced by the Persian Government, at least on the borders of the territory. There are a few military posts there, the garrisons of which occasionally sally forth to seize some taxes or suppress a particularly troublesome raider. Motor roads are being built, and near Astrabad a great effort is being made to grow corn on some of the land to save Persia from having to import corn in

years when the harvest is poor elsewhere.

The Turkoman, until his defeats by the Russians under Skobelev and others in the 70's of the last century, had a reputation as a fighter even in Europe. This reputation is of great antiquity and rests on two things. Firstly, the Turkoman horse. This animal, somewhat similar in looks and size to the English hunter, is reared on the excellent grazing of the Turkoman plain and has greater speed and staying power than the mounts of his adversaries. Their horses gave the Turkomans the advantage of superior mobility, which remained with them until the invention of the motor car. Secondly, there is the Turkoman's method of fighting. One can only guess how he came by it: the Parthian horsemen, so dreaded by the ancients, may have been Turkomans, or the Turkomans may have learnt from the Parthians: but the fact remains that, until the invention of the breech-loading rifle in the 60's, their method of riding round their adversaries, discharging showers of arrows into their closely packed ranks, made them deadly enemies. Unfortunately for the Turkoman, he will not or cannot learn. His idea of a battle is to ride madly round his enemies firing his rifle at them from the saddle, and if the enemy does not fall into a panic and run away, the Turkoman calls it a bad battle and goes home. The enemy may then pursue him. As soon as he appears in sight of his camp the Turkoman strikes his tent and decamps with his wife, children and other belongings. If kept on the run for a time, they will all congregate, with their flocks, their tents and their families, near some natural feature that looks capable of being defended, and try to beat off their pursuers. The usual result is that they are shelled to bits and completely cut up, as they were by the Russians at Gaba Tepe in the 70's.

The Persian Turkoman is now only semi-nomadic, while those in Russia are still almost all nomads, owing to the poor

Remnants of 'Alexander's Barrier,' once a miniature Great Wall, stretch for many miles across the plain



Lieut.-Col. J. W. Watson

The Turkoman horse comes of an ancient and famous breed



Lieut.-Col. J. W. Watson

A Goklan village on the plain. On the left is the author's horse with his Cossack saddle



Mark Dineley



Mark Dineley

A solitary oba in the foothills of the Yomud country. This type of tent is common to all Central Asian nomads

quality of the grazing in their territories. None the less in Persian Turkestan houses are still rare, and the tents called *obas* the general rule. The *oba* is the round tent with a domed roof common to all central Asian nomads. The only moves made by the tribes are from summer to winter quarters and *vice versa*, and this may be nothing more than moving from the shady to the sunny side of a valley, a distance perhaps of some 200 or 300 yards. On the other hand, the move may take them up into the hills, a journey of some miles.

The villages differ slightly in appearance, those near the hills being the more orderly: the tents are pitched in a row, and in summer booths, roofed with branches or reeds, are erected in front of them. Here on a flimsy floor, raised a foot or two from the ground, the Turkoman sits taking ad-

vantage of any breeze that may blow through the open sides. Under the dwelling calves are tethered and sheep folded. These animals generally manage to push up the floor with their backs and cause a minor earthquake when one is trying to drink tea. The further one goes from the hills the less orderly the tents become, until they are nomad encampments in the true sense of the word, a little bunch of tents round a spring. The constitution of village and tribal divisions is very hard to determine. That great binding factor of clans and disintegrator of nations, the blood feud, is rare or unknown. The Turkoman is very much influenced by the popularity of a leader and tends to gravitate towards the man who is generous or successful. Near the hills the villages have even acquired names, owing to the very short



Mark Dineley

Police in the pay of the Yuzbashi of Dasht, who holds his land on a kind of feudal tenure from the Persian Government. They are the descendants of Turks whom Shah Abbas is said to have transported from Azerbaijan at the beginning of the 17th century in order to guard the Turkoman Marches

distance travelled by the inhabitants in their summer and winter moves. Further out on the plain the group of tents is known by the headman's name, and when one comes to the borders of two tribes, the Goklan who are nearly sedentary and the Yomuds who are more nomadic, the designation is amplified by saying that the group of tents is a Yomud or Goklan village, as the case may be. There is a good deal of moving from village to village, and at the present time there seems to be no feeling against this, for owing to the high death-rate from disease and fighting there is enough land for newcomers. When the farms push farther out from Astrabad it will be another matter.

Each village has a headman: in those which are under Persian control the

Persian Government has some say in his appointment, but in other cases he is elected by the villagers or inherits the office. Owing to the small numbers involved the village business is run on democratic lines, though in the case of the more important men who have a devoted following the orders of the chief prevail. In other cases any step is submitted to general discussion by the whole village before a decision is taken. One of the great weaknesses of the Turkomans is that the various headmen do not sink their differences in times of danger. The followers of each are loyal to their leader, and no combination of chiefs is ever made until it is too late to be effective. There can be no doubt that they would be both happier and more formidable under one strong leader.



Mark Dineley

The chieftain in the centre (with long boots) is a famous Yomud raider, able at one time to put 500 men into the field

The Turkomen are pastoralists, interested only in stock breeding. Very little of the land is under the plough, in some villages merely enough to provide the inhabitants with bread. The true Turkoman prefers to exchange his beast for flour rather than to grow corn. A little opium is grown, but the Turkoman is not very fond of smoking opium or tobacco, though he chews a green tobacco which is carried in small gourds. The Turkoman is no trader nor has he any shops; the minor luxuries of life, such as tea and sugar, are carried about the villages by itinerant traders, who enjoy immunity from attack, however disturbed the country may be. If he wants anything more important the Turkoman generally rides to Gumbat-i-Kabuz or Astrabad, where there are shops

which sell cotton prints, soap, etc., all of the very worst quality and made in Russia. Money is rare, and it is usual to deal by barter, carpets being one of the most easily negotiable articles. All forms of mechanics and even the making of saddlery seem to be beyond the capacity of the Turkoman. But for the saddle-bags, which are of carpet, his saddlery is generally in the last state of disrepair. Most of his wants are supplied by his womenfolk, who weave the silk for his *kalats* and the rugs which he exchanges for goods in the towns. These rugs are known as Bokhara rugs in England, and they are very closely woven, red being the usual colour and the design the elephant's foot. Unfortunately, the dye now used is always aniline, with the result that



Lt.-Col. J. W. Watson

Turkoman women enjoy far greater freedom than the women of most Moslem lands



E.N.A.

'The true Turkoman . . . has very distinct Mongolian features—the slanting eyes, high cheekbones and sparse beard. . . . Over everything, his black sheepskin hat is conspicuous'



Mark Dineley

A deserted medresseh or theological college. A new one was being built a few miles further on

the colours soon fade to an ugly dirty purple.

Marriage is by purchase, and as far as I could ascertain the average price for a desirable wife was about eighty pounds. The women enjoy very considerable freedom, far more than in most Mohammedan countries. They are never fully veiled, nor is the tent divided into two parts, as it is in Arabia. The women always remained present while I was talking to the master of the house, and they used even to join in the conversation. Should the men-folk be out when a stranger arrives they will entertain him till their men return, and in some cases women even came to my camp, which was some distance from their tents, to ask for medicines.

A woman's dress consists of a long red silk shift like a nightgown, and the poorer sort wear gowns of red cotton. The man

is more gaily dressed. He wears black or in some cases red-and-white striped trousers, and he likes long Russian boots if he can get them. A long red-and-white striped silk *kalat* falls from his shoulders, and round his middle he wears a sash. Over everything his black sheepskin hat is conspicuous. This costume, combined with his Dundreary whiskers and his lisping speech, makes the Turkoman appear the ghost of a Victorian guardsman. His arms are usually a Russian rifle, never good and usually in the last stages of decay, and perhaps pistols. Firearms are much prized, and even muzzleloaders are sought after; bows are no longer seen, but matchlocks converted to percussion action are common. All carry a long straight knife, similar in form to the *khard* of ancient Persia. The commoner sorts of these knives are made in Astrabad, but

the headmen like to have the older ones with ivory hilts and Damascus blades and they have been known to pay as much as £20 for one. Swords are seldom if ever worn, more because they are hard to come by than for any other reason. Those that are seen are of Persian manufacture.

In religion the Turkoman is a Moslem of the Sunni sect, as opposed to the Persian, who is a Shiah. He makes no great outward show of religion, as the Persian sometimes does, but nevertheless he seems quite sincere about it. He says his prayers fairly regularly; and some of the villages have a mosque. This consists of a small mud platform, a foot high, the western end of which is marked as a *mihrab*, the niche which indicates the direction of Mecca. The priests are respected and, although the villages do not often have a resident priest, the religious leaders ride from village to village and are always received with honour. Some of the few buildings on the plain are of burnt brick. These are *medressehs* for the training of priests. I saw a new one in course of erection; which seems to imply that the Faith still has some power over the people.

To define the Turkoman's racial type is difficult, for owing to centuries of raiding they have a strain of all the neighbouring races in them. The true Turkoman is a

Turanian and has very distinct Mongolian features—the slanting eyes, high cheekbones and sparse beard. They generally speak Eastern Turkish, though some can speak Persian and a very few know a word or two of Russian.

Such is the Turkoman as he exists today. To travel through their country is pleasant, though to get the best enjoyment from it one must travel in a certain state, riding armed with servants. The Turkoman will then receive you on equal terms as one gentleman of leisure receiving another. He does not bombard you with a series of the most intimate questions, as the Persian does. His conversation is of hunting, hawking and riding, with a spice of battle and murder thrown in. Next day one rides on with regret at leaving such pleasant friends behind.

The future of the Persian Turkoman is not a very bright one: should the present attempts at enforcing the civilization that is so popular in Persia just now persist, the Turkoman will slowly be driven from his rich plain by the advancing farms, and continue to eke out a precarious living on less suitable ground. On the other hand, these attempts may be pushed too fast or too far, and in a period of civil war or international disturbance the Turkoman, whose help will doubtless be sought by both sides, may come into his own again.